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The Last Acts of Pius the Ninth.

THE present year will certainly never be reckoned as one of those uneventful periods of time which leave little or nothing behind them for the historian to record. It has already witnessed the vacancy of the usurped throne of what is called the "Kingdom of Italy"—that creation of violence and mendacity which has caused so many deep sorrows to the Catholic Church. It has witnessed the termination of the war between Russia and Turkey, in what is already hailed or denounced as the overthrow of the Empire of the Sultan, at least in Europe. The death of Victor Emmanuel may very possibly be the introduction to great political changes in the peninsula over which that grotesque historical personage claimed to rule. The prostration of Turkey will even more probably lead, not only to a state of things in which the conquered party in the struggle lies, for the moment, at the mercy of the conqueror, but to the entire political and social transformation of the south-east of Europe. The third great event of the present year, which will have moved men's hearts more deeply and truly than the other two, will produce far less of change and nothing of revolution. Pius the Ninth, the great Pope, in so many senses of the word great, of the nineteenth century, passes to his rest, so well earned by long years of vigilant activity and patient suffering for the cause of the Church. He passes away "like a shock of wheat brought in its season," ripe, over ripe, as it might seem to human calculation, for the garner, and yet too soon for the love and devotion of his spiritual children. The enemies of the Church have long been calculating on his removal, and have been so often disappointed that even they had almost ceased to calculate. His children all over the world had been so long consoled by his unparalleled vitality, that they had almost ceased to feel anxiety about his increasing age and failing health. To enemies and friends of the Church he seemed either an unconquerable obstacle

or an indispensable bulwark, and yet we venture to say that, whoever may be his successor and whatever the state of the world or of Europe with which he may have immediately to deal, the course of the Catholic Church on her heavenly work will continue as it has hitherto continued, after his removal as before it, and the changes which follow on his demise will be changes of persons, and not of principles. The Church is no mushroom kingdom, no tyrannical dominion founded on conquest and kept up by violence and oppression.

We do not intend, in the present paper, to attempt any estimate of the life or character of the great and saintly Pontiff whom we have lost. Space and time would alike fail us, if we were either to chronicle the events of a Papacy the long years of which are so crowded with great deeds and wonderful sufferings, nor would it be easy to write adequately of the mixture of firmness and gentleness, of simplicity and wisdom, of prudence and of the most venturesome faith, which characterizes the personal actions of the ninth Pius. By the time that these pages are in the hands of our readers, there will be outlines enough published of the chief events of the most remarkable Pontificate of modern times. The personal character of the Pope must be left to his biographer—and we are certain that the more intimately that character comes to be known, the more saintlike and Christlike it will seem. To few even of the most famous Pontiffs can those Scriptural words be more truly applied: "The Lord hath sought Him a man according to His own Heart, and him hath the Lord commanded to be ruler over His people."¹ It has, indeed, often seemed to us that the character of the late Pope had many features in it which are found in that of the holy King of which these words were spoken. His simplicity, his readiness in giving his confidence—alas, too often to have it betrayed—his patience with his enemies, his wonderful faith in Providence, his heavenly-guided prudence, and his boldness in enterprizes for the glory of God, are some among such features which will occur at once to any one who studies the two histories. The latter years of both were saddened by rebellion, in which those who ought to have loved them most were the causes of their sorrow. The heart of each was pierced, more sharply than by anything else, by the ingratitude and the hypocrisy of those whom he had benefited. But we must not linger on thoughts

¹ 1 Kings xiii. 14.

of this kind. Our present business is with one or two of the last acts of Pius the Ninth,—acts expressing entirely his uniform bearing towards some of the giant forms of evil against which he had to contend. The first of these acts, on which, as we are told, he was occupied very shortly before he died, was occasioned by an incident—an incident, like so many others of his reign, full of bitterness and sorrow to him, as well of shame to those who insulted as well as opposed him. We refer to the breaking off of diplomatic intercourse between the Holy See and the Government of Russia—a Government, which, almost in the hey-day of its triumph in war has thus closed its dealings with Pius the Ninth by an outrage to which his Secretary of State does not hesitate most justly to affix the epithet “brutal.” The other act on which we shall shortly dwell is the protest which was made shortly before the late Pope’s death, and by his order, against the usurpation of the Pontifical dominions by the Piedmontese Government—a protest in which Pius the Ninth expressly declared once more that that usurpation made it impracticable for him to govern the Catholic Church as his duty required.

We should be going over ground which we have often traversed if we were now to speak at any length on the condition of the Polish and other Catholics in the dominions of the Czar. That condition, when considered by the side of the engagements entered into by the Russian Government when it first became sovereign over a part of Poland, and on more than one subsequent occasion, furnishes the gravest of the many grave charges which may be brought against that Government on the double ground of tyranny and perfidy. The two other Governments which had a share in the iniquitous partition of Poland have not, at least, stained their good name in the same way and to the same extent as the Government of Russia. The Catholic Poles under the dominion of Prussia share with all the Catholic subjects of that State the oppression and unprincipled persecution which is the result of the Falck Laws. The Poles under the dominion of Austria may naturally regret the extinction of their national existence, but they do not labour under any special hardships on the score of their religion. But in Russia the Government is schismatic, and has made the schismatical religion of the country into an engine of the State. On several occasions it has goaded its Catholic subjects into rebellion—a rebellion, unfortunately assisted if

not originated by the secret plotters against society in Europe who are the enemies alike of throne and altar, and the suppression of the rebellion has always been followed by renewed religious persecution. The Roman Pontiffs have never failed to remind their suffering children in Poland of the duty of submission and obedience to the civil power, badly indeed as that power may have discharged its duties, but the return which has been made to them by the Russian Government has been, almost uniformly, some fresh aggravation of the measures which that Government has devised for seducing and forcing the Catholics into apostasy from their faith, or for making it impossible for them to have the full advantage of intercourse with and direction from the Holy See. Impossible as it may appear to change the policy of the Czar in this respect, as long, at least, as the present relations between Church and State exist in Russia, the Holy See has gone to the very extreme of concession and conciliation, in the hope of alleviating the miseries under which the Catholics in question are suffering. But we need not repeat a tale which must be familiar to our readers, and which fills one of the saddest pages in the history of modern Europe. The same fatal, and, as we believe, suicidal policy has been followed by Czar after Czar, and Alexander the Second, whose reign will hereafter be memorable for the emancipation of the serfs, and, as it seems, the extinction of the Turkish power in Europe, has had no compassion for his Catholic subjects, no regard to the solemn obligations of his crown towards them, not even decent respect and courtesy for the Holy See, or the aged Pontiff whose name has been revered all over Europe.

It appears that in the course of the summer of last year, the late Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, having over and over again tried in vain to obtain from the Russian Government the simplest justice to its Catholic subjects and the plain observance of its own engagements, had determined to take the only step which remained to him, and to publish to the whole world in an Allocution the miseries of the Polish Catholics and the iniquitous measures of their rulers. It was at the time when Rome was thronged with pilgrims from all parts of the world, who came to do homage to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Jubilee. It might seem as if it were a comparatively trifling matter to a Government so strong as that of the Czar, that an old man practically imprisoned in the Vatican, unable

to defend his own States from invasion and his own throne from usurpation, should lift his voice before the assembled Cardinals to denounce injustice and oppression at a distance, in a country so entirely prostrate before a military despotism as Poland. Nevertheless, the purpose of the Holy Father seems to have inspired the Czar and his advisers with fear. They were then just at the beginning of their war with Turkey, which had not as yet turned out so onesided a conflict as it afterwards proved. They had won no battles and captured no hostile armies. In the days in which we live, miserable as are the delusions and extravagancies of what goes by the name of public opinion in Europe, that opinion has yet the power to make despotisms tremble before it if they are disappointed in their ceaseless endeavours to corrupt it and to pervert it. With that extreme courtesy which characterizes all the proceedings of the Holy See with foreign governments, the "officious" representative of Russia at Rome, Prince Ouroussoff, was informed of the intention of the Holy Father to address the Cardinals, and, through them, the whole Catholic world, on the subject of the treatment of the Catholic subjects of the Czar. It was just at the time when a numerous deputation of Poles from the parts of the country not subject to Russia, was about to visit the Holy Father. Prince Ouroussoff immediately exerted himself to avert the coming blow. He entreated Cardinal Simeoni that the remonstrances of the Holy See might be addressed to the Russian Government in the usual diplomatic manner, and that no appeal to Catholic opinion might be made. His Imperial master was entering on a war, to which the attention of the whole of Europe was turned, and the publication of an Allocution on the subject of his treatment of his Catholic subjects might injure his cause by raising a strong feeling against him, and would even give the impression that the Holy See was taking a part, though only a moral part, on the side against him in the war.

It seems that these representations were allowed to have some weight with the Holy Father. The Holy See can never wish to seem to take a side in war, much less, we may suppose, in such a war as that which has lately been terminated. The Holy See will gladly deal with the Government of any country that will listen to its complaints and candidly consider their force. Moreover, the request of Prince Ouroussoff certainly implied—if it were not a mere *ruse*—a kind of undertaking on

the part of the Russian Government to reconsider its former decisions as to the points at issue between the Holy See and itself. On these and other grounds the formal denunciation of Russian tyranny was adjourned, and the Holy Father ordered a memorial to be drawn up, in which the oft-recounted wrongs of the Catholic subjects of the Czar were to be briefly summed up and once more laid before Prince Gortschakoff.

It is not our present business to go through the various heads of complaint which are contained in this document. It is drawn up with all the clearness and all the moderation which characterize the statements of the Holy See in such matters—for the Holy See has nothing to conceal, no unavowed policy lurking behind its simple words, and as it pleads for simple justice and good faith it has little need to do more than to state the case plainly. Any one, however, who wishes to have the Catholic grievances summed up for him in a short compass, will find the document of which we speak very useful. The fifteen heads of complaint embrace almost the entire system of what may be called the State-Church method of persecution—a method very different in its details from that with which our Catholic ancestors in England or Ireland were familiar, probably because in their case, in this country, at least, there was no longer a visible body which the Government could endeavour to assimilate to the national communion over which it bore so absolute a sway. We can have no kind of doubt that the measures by which the Russian Government is endeavouring to stamp out the independence of its Catholic subjects seem to it as natural and unexceptionable as the rack, the scourge, the fire, and the wild beasts in the amphitheatre seemed to the Roman Emperors who had to deal with the inexplicable obstinacy of the early Christians. First of all in the long catalogue of the Russian methods of oppression comes the prohibition, under the severest penalties, of all free intercourse between the Catholics, whether simple faithful or ecclesiastics, even of the highest grade, and the Holy See. Then follow the governmental interference with the seminaries, not only as to discipline, but even as to doctrine; the withdrawal of even religious instruction from the bishops; the reservation of ecclesiastical causes to a commission appointed by the Government; similar interference with the management and arrangement of the dioceses; the prohibition of freedom in the exercise of their religion on the part of the Catholics, who are forbidden to have

processions outside the churches, while no priest may either preach or give spiritual exercises or catechize children except in his own parish church, or leave his district, even to go to confession, except with written leave from the civil authority, or preach on any points of doctrine proscribed by the same authority, or hear the confession of an unknown person without a certificate that that person is a Catholic—a certificate which in some provinces can only be given by a lay magistrate—or baptize the children of a mixed marriage, even when the parents ask it, or give Holy Communion to any one who has but once communicated in a schismatic church. Then come a number of acts of personal and local oppression—three bishops and a number of ecclesiastics arbitrarily banished, episcopal sees left vacant, and four such sees suppressed; the diocese of Chelm, the population of which has in great part been forced by extreme violence and outrage, which has rung through the whole of Europe, to conform outwardly to the schism, formed into a district of the national Church; and lastly, measures of extreme and arbitrary oppression against the religious Orders, or the forcible introduction of the Russian language into the services, or the interference of the so-called “Roman Catholic College of St. Petersburg” in spiritual matters, its toleration by the Holy See having been made expressly conditional on its abstention from such interference.

Such is the condition, as represented by the Holy See, of the Polish Catholics under the dominion of the Czar. We have already said that it is more than possible that it may seem surprising enough to such a government as that of Russia that a Church should object to be interfered with in such matters, just as we know that it was a matter of intellectual perplexity to Pliny, when he was governor of Bithynia, that the Christians should be so obstinate as they were in holding to their religion in the face of the law and the chances of prosecution. But it is easy to see that the Russian Government has not the excuse which might be made in the case of a Roman Governor in the time of the Emperor Trajan. All these measures are distinct violations of pledges given by the Russian Czars themselves over and over again, and of the Concordat between their Government and the Holy See. These measures, moreover, embody the principles of State persecution—principles which have been repudiated by the civilization of modern Europe, even although the new Bismarckian phase of that

civilization seems to tend to their re-adoption. It is no excuse to say that the circumstances of the case are peculiar, on account of the repeated insurrections by means of which the Poles have endeavoured to regain by force their national independence. We are far from justifying rebellions which were entered upon or carried on in defiance of the express teaching and declarations of the Holy See, and which were fomented, if not originated, by the secret societies which are the bane of Europe in our day. The religious rights of the Catholic subjects of Russia have been guaranteed to them by the solemn promises of the sovereigns, and if these promises had been observed, and if those rights had been maintained, there would have been no danger of insurrection. Poland would be a strength to Russia instead of a weakness. The truth is, that the policy which has been pursued by the Czars in this case is a policy of infatuation, and the infatuation has been produced by the spirit of schism, which is more violent in the Russian Government than elsewhere, on account of the reduction of their national Church to the level of an instrument of Government. The Czar is, practically, the Pope of the Russian Church, and his political advisers urge him to make himself the Pope of all the Christians under his rule, in order that in their case also, religion may be made an instrument of Government.

Infatuation of this kind is certain, sooner or later, to receive its chastisement, and perhaps before long the Russian Czars may learn at the hands of their own people the lesson which so many other European monarchs have learnt in the course of the last hundred years. The moment that political power passes in Russia, as it has passed in other countries, into the hands of the nation itself, that moment we may expect to see changes in that great Empire, the limits of which it would be foolish to predict. It will be fortunate, indeed, for the present ruling family, if they stop short at a moderate Constitutionalism, which will destroy that subserviency of the Church to the State which is the foundation of the persecuting policy of the present Government. But whether from within or without, the nemesis will surely come, and the despots who may have dreamed of an Empire washed on the north by the Northern Ocean and on the south by the Ægean and Black Seas, may bitterly rue the long series of acts of cruelty and perfidy which make up the history of their treatment of their Catholic subjects.

The document of which we have been speaking, and which

was drawn up at the order of Pius the Ninth that it might be transmitted by Prince Ouroussoff to the Imperial Chancellor, was sent to the former in the course of last summer. For a fortnight no acknowledgment whatever was made of the reception of the paper. After some time, however, Prince Ouroussoff himself brought it back to Cardinal Simeoni, saying that "his Government was not accustomed to receive criticism from any one, and that, in consequence, he did not feel authorized to transmit the document to Prince Gortschakoff." "In vain," writes the Cardinal, "did I call his attention to the act which he was about to commit, an act which no words can characterize and which was without all precedent in diplomatic history, as also to the very lamentable consequences which it would entail, and which perhaps he had not sufficiently calculated. He remained inflexible, taking on himself the whole responsibility of his step, and added that if the Holy See desired war, war it should have. In reply to this declaration I could not forbear pointing out to him that the Holy See neither desired nor began war against any one, but that the moment such war had been raised and long carried on by the Imperial Government, which now had added thereto provocations and menaces, the Supreme Pontiff, trusting in the help of the Lord, Who would never fail him, would know how to defend himself in all due measures against all hostilities, whether against the integrity of the Church, or the dignity of his rank and his sovereign authority." In fact, when the Pope was informed of the refusal of Prince Ouroussoff to transmit the document in question to the Chancellor, the former was informed by his order that all further relations between himself and the Roman Curia were useless.

There was still a way open to the Russian Government of avoiding the great breach with the Holy See which the conduct of its representative at Rome had rendered so imminent. Prince Ouroussoff had taken upon himself the entire responsibility of his refusal to transmit the statement drawn up by order of the Holy Father. The document was forwarded to St. Petersburg by means of a friendly Catholic Government. But the Cabinet of the Czar refused to read it, and appears to have declared that Prince Ouroussoff acted, not only in a manner which was approved by his Government, but according to directions actually received by him from it. It appears, therefore, that Prince Gortschakoff and his master

had made up their minds that a statement on so important a subject from the Holy See was not even to be transmitted to them if their "officious" representative at Rome did not think it fit for transmission. After this, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Cardinal Simeoni should have declared that the Holy Father, who had always faithfully observed all the rules of diplomatic intercourse, was now no longer bound to refrain from other measures, and could no longer remain passive and silent in the presence of the wrongs inflicted on so large a number of his spiritual children. We believe that the circular in which the document in question was transmitted, along with statements relating to the conduct of Prince Ouroussoff, to the representatives of the Holy See in the various continental capitals, was not sent out till the end of October last. Since that time, statements have appeared in some of the papers that Prince Ouroussoff had again presented himself at the Vatican, and, a little later, that the negociation had been broken off a second time. It could hardly be other than an insult to the Pope to send him again the same envoy, unless that envoy had been instructed to make an ample apology for the insult which he had offered to the Holy See. It has also been stated that if Pius the Ninth had lived to hold another Consistory, he would have delivered an Allocution in which the grievances of the Catholics and the want of faith of their Russian masters would have been vigorously set forth. However this may be, it is certain that the question cannot be left in its present position by the Holy See. Perhaps in the very moment of its triumph over the ancient foes of the Church, Russia will have to listen once more to some of the severest reproofs and protests which have ever issued from the lips of a successor of St. Peter.

It has not been the appointment of Providence that Pius the Ninth should survive to see the triumph of the Church which he has guided so long and so faithfully over the many obstacles which have beset her in the discharge of her heavenly mission in the days in which we live. The conflicts in which, in various degrees of active hostility, the late Pontiff has been engaged, both with the Russian Government and with the Revolution in Italy, were not his own personal quarrels, but the quarrels of right against wrong, justice against iniquity, truth against mendacity, the Church against the world, the Holy See against the gates of Hell. Such conflicts may break out into greater intensity than before at this epoch or at that, during the life-

time of this or that Pontiff, in this or that condition of Europe or of society. But they are but phases of the inevitable and endless struggle between the Church and the instruments of Satan in this world—instruments who are often men of much personal respectability, and of good though misdirected energies. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a great champion of the cause of right should be removed by the action of Providence before he has achieved the triumph which is due to his exertions, as Moses was removed from the leadership of the Israelites before the entrance into the Promised Land. But there is something significant as well as something hopeful in the fact that the last acts of the late glorious Pontificate should have included an energetic protest against the infatuated policy of Russia and against the specious but hollow fabric of Italian unity, built up on the spoliation of the Church and the violation of a score of sacred pledges.

Late events have brought Russia into a very prominent position in the world, and, although she is very far from being able to disregard the wishes or the rights of other European Powers in the settlement of the Eastern question, the mistaken policy which left her to do alone the work which all other civilized nations recognized as necessary, has also placed in her hands a very large share of power and responsibility with regard to the determination of details connected with that settlement. She is thought to have the cordial support of Germany—if Germany, under its present rulers, can cordially support anything or anybody but herself and her own interests. For our part, we do not grudge her her victory, if it is to be used for the benefit of the Christian populations of the East of Europe. Never, we feel sure, will the social and religious regeneration of those populations be achieved until they are freed from the blasting and desolating yoke of the Ottoman race. If they are once freed from that yoke, there seems to be nothing to forbid the most sanguine hopes as to the future of those glorious countries. We who have seen such good results in the way of the progress of Catholicism in our own country, dating from the epoch of the civil emancipation of Catholics, need not be afraid to look forward to a return of multitudes of Eastern schismatics to Catholic unity as the fruit of what will be truly their emancipation, in a far fuller sense of the word than that in which it can be applied to our own fellow-subjects. Let the peoples of the East wake up into true national life; let them have full

liberty to develop the great resources which Providence has treasured up for them in the lands which they inherit, but which Mussulman domination has made little better than a desert; let art, literature, mental culture follow in the train of liberty, and we venture to hope that the death-like sleep which has so long benumbed their Christian life will soon be shaken off, and the instincts which reach forward, in every truly Christian community, to the divinely-appointed centre of unity will not long lie dormant among them. When, in the sixteenth century, the Church lost the north of Europe and so large a part of the Teutonic races, new worlds were opened to the zealous charity of her missionaries, which were intended to teem with Christian churches flourishing enough to repair the losses of what had once been Christendom. In the present century the Church has lost much. If no fresh nations have fallen off from her, at least multitudes in every Christian nation have been led away by new forms of error, and her position as a visible and material power with which Kings and States had to reckon has been greatly impaired. To some extent these losses have been again compensated by the revival of vigour, of active charity, of zealous enterprise of all sorts, which has marked her history since the outbreak of the French Revolution, but we may hope that still more than this is due to her sufferings, especially to her sufferings under the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth, and we may perhaps have to hail as a further boon a great accession to the flock of the Vicar of our Lord from among the Eastern schismatics. Surely it is time that the East should shake off its state of torpor. It is time that the finest and most historical regions of the earth should no longer remain at the lowest level in point either of religion or of civilization, and that the lands and cities which we connect every day with the names of the ancient saints and doctors of the Church should be illuminated by spiritual and intellectual glories worthy of such an ancestry.

Certainly it does not seem that aspirations such as these can be shared in by the Russian conquerors of the Turks, or that results such as those which are here contemplated are likely to be brought about with their cooperation. And yet, over and over again, in the history of the world and of the Church, the blows which have shattered powers which were her enemies have been dealt by hands which did not belong to her friends. Even in the present century, the two Powers who were mainly instrumental in delivering the Church by the overthrow of the

First Napoleon were, the one schismatic, the other Protestant—Russia and England. It would be nothing new therefore, in the Providential history of the world, if God were to use the armies of the Czar to break down the power of the Sultan, and then throw aside without further use the weapon which has served His purpose. It may, however, be the case that Providence has selected the Russian Power for the destruction, partial or complete, of the Empire of Islam, in order mercifully to give that power an opportunity of abandoning, as it could so well afford to do, or rather, as it could not do without immense political advantage to itself, the detestable policy which it has hitherto pursued towards its Polish subjects. That the abandonment of that policy will eventually come in the course of the development of political and intellectual life in the Russian Empire is, we consider, as much a matter of course as was the abandonment of a very similar policy towards Ireland on the part of the English Government half a century ago. English statesmen are now thoroughly ashamed of that policy, and we trust that, long before the lapse of the time which has passed since Catholic Emancipation among ourselves, Russian statesmen will be as heartily ashamed of their treatment of Poland. The Irish policy, however, of the last centuries has left a permanent wound in the strength of England, and, if Russia is not wise in time, her treatment of Poland may lose her many resources of which, in future conflicts with other European Powers, she may sorely feel the need. The voice of Pius the Ninth is now raised, almost from his grave, to warn the Czar and his advisers as to what is their truest wisdom. They are now entering, as it appears, on an epoch of power and influence which they have never yet enjoyed. Let them make peace with the Church, or at least, let them leave the Church alone. To do so will not make them one atom less powerful or less influential. On the contrary, it will deprive many of their enemies of the strongest motive for their hostility, it will turn a dangerous, because a discontented and oppressed province, into a loyal part of the Empire, and, above all, it will bring down on them the blessing of Heaven, which lets many grievous crimes, moral or political, remain unpunished in this world, but which is bound not to let the persecutors of the Church pass unscathed and unchastised even before the eyes of men. The voice which was to denounce the crimes of Russia has been silenced, for the moment, by death ;

but we may be sure that should Leo the Thirteenth find himself forced to speak, he will not lack the courage to utter the denunciation which He whose Vicar he is will not allow to be uttered in vain.

The accident, as it appears to human eyes, which made the death of Victor Emmanuel and the accession of a new sovereign to the throne of the so-called Kingdom of Italy precede the last illness of Pius the Ninth by a few weeks, furnished the reason why one of the last acts of the great Pontiff was to protest once more against the usurpation of his dominions by the Piedmontese Government. Pius the Ninth has thus passed out of this life with a repetition on his lips of the declaration which he had so often made—not only as an ordinary sovereign might protest, that his rights had been invaded and his States taken from him by violence, but that as the Vicar of our Lord and the supreme earthly Governor of the Catholic Church, he found himself deprived of the necessary powers and means for discharging his high office by the violation of his Temporal Sovereignty. It can never be said of Pius the Ninth that he spoke on this subject without the fullest cognizance of all its elements. The very history of the years which have elapsed since the seizure of Rome by Victor Emmanuel seems to us to enhance the importance of the testimony of the Pope—we speak, of course, of its importance in the ordinary sense of testimony, and quite apart from all considerations of the authority which all Catholics allow to be inherent in his pronouncements. Here is the Pope who did not fly from Rome, as many of his predecessors had done, and as many, perhaps, of his self-appointed advisers might have urged him to do. If he had left Rome, men might have said that he had never tried what it was to live as Pope under the so-called “guarantees” by which the usurping Government endeavoured to impose upon Europe. Not certainly out of reverence for his person, or out of fear of any physical force that might be brought to his aid, but out of an eagerness to show to the world that the existence of the Italian Kingdom in Rome was compatible with the independence of the Holy See and with the free discharge by the Pope of all his functions as the Ruler of the Catholic Church, the advisers of the usurping King, glutted with the booty of Naples, and Florence, and Modena, and other minor States, held their hands awhile, and stopped short of the full accomplishment of their sacrilege by the plunder of the Vatican. Just

in the same way, after the death of Pius the Ninth, at least up to the time at which we write, they have used every effort to convince Europe and the Church that the Conclave for the election of his successor can be held in Rome, in safety and liberty, though Rome is occupied by strangers, and that successor have no protection but that of the usurper. Pius the Ninth, on the brink of the grave, has spoken, as we have already said, not only to complain of the spoliation which he has suffered, but to declare that he has not the independence which his lofty station requires for the discharge of his duties.

And indeed, we may venture to say, if he had not spoken, the facts themselves would have made the matter clear enough. It is not a year ago that the late Pope had occasion to draw up a statement of the many difficulties which had been thrown in his way by the suppression of the religious orders, the forced enlistment of ecclesiastics, and the many entirely anti-Christian measures which had been passed as laws by the usurping Government. It is quite clear that although the personal liberty of the Pope has not been violated, his independence has been partly shackled, and, far more, made altogether precarious and uncertain from day to day, and month to month. Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that because Pius the Ninth, surrounded by the reverence of all Europe, has not been interfered with in his secluded life at the Vatican, therefore any such forbearance could either have been ensured to him in the future if he had lived, or can be secured to his successor. The master of Rome may be at one time Victor Emmanuel, at another Garibaldi, at another the commander of a foreign army which has invaded Italy, at another the nominee of the Provisional Government of a momentary Republic, sitting in the Capitol. The present rulers of Rome may find it good policy to let a Conclave deliberate in peace. The rulers of Rome ten years hence may choose to prevent the assembly of any Conclave at all, or may endeavour to impose on the Cardinals a candidate of their own. The present state of non-interference, such as it is, may last ten years, or twenty years, but it will not any the more persuade Catholics that the independence of the Holy See is secure. For such security requires, not only that by an accident no one should interfere with its liberty, but that the normal state of things should be such that no one can interfere with it.

This is the truth which, as we have said, almost with his dying breath, Pius the Ninth has once more proclaimed to the

whole Christian world. The proclamation came with all the more force from his lips, just after he had shown his Apostolical zeal and charity in the pardon which he so willingly allowed to be accorded to the late penitence of Victor Emmanuel. It was of course only natural, and in a certain sense, inevitable, that when a new monarch ascended the usurped throne, the lawful owner of that throne should protest against the wrong. But, at the present moment, when so many efforts are made to persuade Catholics into a belief that a compromise is possible between the Papacy and the new "Kingdom," the fresh pronouncement of Pius the Ninth comes with peculiar opportuneness and with a force of its own. Thus, we venture to say, the last utterances of the late Pope have had a singular dignity and fitness. At the moment when Russia seems at last triumphant, and when the ill-conceived and incoherent policy even of the friends of Turkey seems day by day to create fresh occasions for making her ruin more complete and final, the voice of the Successor of St. Peter is raised to warn the conqueror of the wrongs which he inflicts on his own subjects, while he is undertaking to deliver the barbarously treated subjects of his enemy, who has at least the excuse that he does not pretend to be anything but an enemy of the very name of Christian. And at the very time that the Christian States of Europe, many of them still professing to call themselves Catholic, have been sending their representatives to attend the funeral of Victor Emmanuel and to congratulate his successor, the same unwearied voice is lifted to remind Europe of the wrongs of the Church, and to warn her that the iniquitous act of spoliation which she has recognized and condoned is fraught with the most serious dangers to her own peace and prosperity, because it has destroyed the centre of light and the home of truth, without whose beneficent influence she could never have emerged from that barbarism, into which she will once again fall unless the evil which she has sanctioned be undone.

H. J. C.

Early Christian Art.

THE third of Mr. Parker's fundamental errors, and the last with which we have any intention of dealing, concerns the antiquity of those paintings with which the Catacombs are so abundantly decorated. His remarks on this subject have one merit which is conspicuous by its absence from most of his other lucubrations: they are tolerably consistent. On the other hand, it is here that he has been guilty of his least pardonable fault; for it is with reference to the paintings, that he accuses both De Rossi and his abbreviators of a want of honesty. We will treat of this point first, as being the most offensive, and therefore we would clear it out of the way before we proceed.

In plates xiii. and xiv. he gives very inaccurate drawings of certain pictures from a *cubiculum* of the Catacomb of Pretextatus, which he calls "Pagan figures of the third century," and he comments upon them thus: "In the next *cubiculum* to this, a few yards further on, and on the opposite side of the corridor, the paintings are Christian, and these have been published by De Rossi, and in the excellent abridgment of his great work by Messrs. Brownlow and Northcote; but not a word is said by them about these *Pagan* pictures, which do not agree with the Vatican theory, that the Catacombs were *exclusively* Christian." And with reference to this whole Catacomb, he had said immediately before,¹ "the door is regularly kept locked by the Pontifical authorities, and the only entrance practicable in 1875 to this part of the Catacomb was down a ladder." In answer to these odious insinuations, we have to oppose the following statement of facts. The pictures in question were first discovered in 1850, and their importance, as early Christian monuments of Gospel history, was at once recognized. Father Marchi had copies of them taken for the Christian Museum at the Lateran, where they have been exposed to the public gaze for more than a quarter of a century. "We have ourselves seen them there at

¹ Description of plate xii.

various intervals between 1854 and 1870. M. Perret also took copies of the originals, which may be seen in his great work published at the expense of the French Government more than twenty years ago.² M. Martigny reproduced one of them in his *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chrétiennes* in 1865.³ They appeared in an early part of P. Garrucci's *Storia dell' Arte Cristiana* in 1873;⁴ and they have been spoken of and commented upon in various elementary works on Christian archæology ever since.

But why then do they not appear either in the *Roma Sotterranea* or the *Bullettino* of De Rossi, or in the smaller work of Messrs. Brownlow and Northcote? Anybody but Mr. Parker would hardly have thought that it needed explanation why paintings from the Catacomb of Pretextatus should not find a place in volumes devoted to the Catacomb of Callixtus, nor paintings, that had been before the public ever since 1850, find a place in another work begun in 1863 for the express purpose of recording *new discoveries*. And as De Rossi has never yet had occasion to publish them, so Messrs. Brownlow and Northcote need not be accused of base dishonesty for suppressing what was not to be found in the original which they were abridging.

But there remains much more than this to be said. De Rossi has spoken of these most important pictures more than once,⁵ and expressed his impatient desire to publish them in answer to the eager inquiries of learned archæologists generally, and especially of Germany. And it was expected that they would have formed one of the principal attractions in Vol. iii. of his *Roma Sotterranea*. These expectations have not been fulfilled; and his preface gives us this reason for our disappointment. He says⁶ that, in order to make all the requisite excavations and complete the discoveries that had been begun in the historical crypts of this Catacomb, it was necessary to disturb the superficial soil, which could not be done without the consent of the owner. This consent was refused; and the owner obstinately rejected even most advantageous offers of private purchase of the property. The interference of the law was therefore invoked to enforce a compulsory sale, just as obstinate landlords in England are sometimes compelled to part with some portion of their property which is required for public purposes. The desired decree was obtained only a few days before the lament-

² Tom. i. plates lxxx.—lxxxii.

³ P. 512.

⁴ Tav. xxxviii., xxxix.

⁵ *Bullettino*, 1872, p. 64.

⁶ P. 9.

able events of September 20, 1870. Under the changed political circumstances of Rome, not only did the decree remain unexecuted, but the possessor of the soil refused, and still continues to refuse, all access to that part of the cemetery, to which there is a flight of steps from within his domain.

In 1872, the Commission of Sacred Archaeology obtained subterranean access to it from a neighbouring property, in order to carry out some necessary repairs. The landlord immediately brought an action against the Cardinal Vicar, the President of the Commission, for trespass; and although the Italian courts gave sentence against him, both in the first instance and again on appeal, still it has not been thought prudent to pursue the matter any further; and De Rossi remains debarred from completing the coloured copies of these paintings, which he was preparing for publication, and which were already in a very forward state when this sad difficulty arose. Behold, then, the reprehensible action of "the Pontifical authorities," which obliged Mr. Parker and his artist to descend by a ladder instead of having the use of the staircase. If Mr. Parker's descent was effected with the connivance of the landlord (which is probable), the landlord was guilty of a violation of the rights of his neighbour, as determined against him by the courts to which he appealed; but, anyhow, it is rather too bad that the Catholic authorities should be first violently refused the rights which the law declares to be theirs, and then that they should be upbraided for withdrawing from others what they are unable to obtain for themselves.

We have spoken of these pictures as undeniably Christian; Mr. Parker calls them Pagan, but does not pretend to suggest what Pagan subjects they represent. If anybody will look at his plate xiii., make some allowance for its extreme rudeness, and supply a reed in the hand of one of the principal figures, he will see at once that he has before him a pictorial representation of the words of the Evangelist: "They struck His head with a reed."⁷ In like manner, in plate xiv., supply a well between the figures of the man and the woman in the first scene, and in the other bring into shape that dim shadowy outline which is so indistinctly marked in the right-hand corner at the bottom of the picture, and we have the Samaritan woman conversing with our Lord at the well (of which De Rossi finds another representation in the Cemetery of St. Soteris)⁸ and the

⁷ St. Mark xv. 19.

⁸ *Roma Sotterranea*, tom. iii. p. 8.

woman with the issue of blood touching the hem of His garment. We will not imitate Mr. Parker and accuse him of wilful omission of these details: for we have explained why no faithful subject of the Pope has been able to see the paintings for the last six or eight years. They were visible in 1870; possibly the traces of them may have been almost obliterated, before Mr. Parker's artist visited the place in 1875. Still, we can hardly believe that the Good Shepherd can have entirely perished from off the centre of the roof; though we look in vain for any token of it in Mr. Parker's drawing; and we hope the *liberal* landlord has not allowed anybody to tear from their places and carry off the tombstones which, at the date we have named, remained where they had been originally fixed more than 1600 years before, and which ought to have satisfied Mr. Parker that the crypt is undeniably Christian. In a word, Mr. Parker's discovery of a *cubiculum* with Pagan figures is a veritable mare's nest; this unpublished novelty has been before the world for five and twenty years; and his insinuations of dishonesty against De Rossi and others are only discreditable to himself.

But he is not content to bring a single definite charge of omission against us; he also brings a general sweeping accusation of an indefinite number of sins of commission. In a note to page 22 he asserts that "the paintings in St. Callixtus have been *restored* or renewed for the modern pilgrims." In page 87, he repeats this: "The paintings in this part of the Catacomb of St. Callixtus, now usually exhibited to strangers and used for pilgrimages, have all been renewed, and thereby of necessity lost all historical value." In the next page, it is mentioned as an exception that "some of the original paintings remain in the lower part of this Catacomb, that have *not* been restored." And when these remarks have been allowed to make their impression on the mind, we are told in a note that "it has long been very positively asserted by persons supposed to be well informed on the subject, that a great part of the fresco paintings in this Catacomb are *modern restorations*. But those who had the direction of the work for the Pope and who must know the truth, assert positively that this was not the case; that the paintings have not been restored in their time, nor in that of their predecessor, Padre Marchi; they are not *modern* imitations, but are left as they were found." He repeats this again in his description of plate iv., "these paintings have long been said by well-informed

persons to have been restored within the last twenty years, but this is *now* denied by the Roman Catholic authorities," as though the statement had been tacitly accepted for some time, and the denial of it was quite a recent afterthought. Now we have had a tolerably intimate acquaintance with the Catacombs for more than thirty years past, and should be afraid to hazard a conjecture as to how many hundreds of Protestant strangers, and some of them bigoted enough, we have during that time introduced to them. Yet we can emphatically declare that we never heard the faintest whisper of such a suspicion till we came across it in Mr. Parker's pages; and until he produces "the persons supposed to be well-informed on the subject," we shall entertain our own opinion as to the paternity of this baseless calumny. We only know one other calumny in connection with this subject that deserves to be put on a par with it. It is Bishop Burnet's assertion that "the miserable sculptures" and the inscriptions in the Catacombs were made by a few monks in the fourth and fifth centuries, "who perhaps shut up the entries into them with much care and secrecy, intending to open them upon some dream or other artifice to give them the more reputation; but a few only being upon that secret, either those may have died, or, by the many revolutions that happened in Rome, they may have been dispersed before they made the discovery; and thus the knowledge of these places was lost, and came to be discovered in the last age." Bishop Burnet contrived to mingle some amusement with the malice of his inventions; Mr. Parker has not been so successful.

One more paragraph on this subject, and then we will take our leave of it. In page 11 Mr. Parker writes: "De Rossi indeed is careful never to assert that the fresco paintings in the Catacombs belong to the age of the martyrdoms; but the popular belief is so completely *implied* in his great work throughout, that the abridgers of it, both English and French, have asserted it without hesitation." If Mr. Parker had had any moderate acquaintance with the subject on which he undertook to write, he would have known that what he calls "the popular belief" hardly deserves perhaps to be so called even yet, and that any degree of popularity it has attained is mainly due to De Rossi's reiterated assertions of it, and to his accumulated proofs of those assertions. If he had even read with ordinary attention the pages of De Rossi's English abridgers, he would have seen the history of "popular belief" on the subject

carefully traced; he would also have seen passages literally translated from De Rossi's "great work," which assert what Mr. Parker says De Rossi is careful never to assert. Or, if he had taken the trouble to look into the two Indexes to De Rossi's *Bullettino*, drawn up (as he tells us) by himself, he would have found at the end of each series such entries as these: "Christian pictures of the first century, III. 23, 25, 27, 33—47, 98, 99; of the second century, I. 2—5, 21, 22, 90, 91. II. 64; of the third century, &c.; of the fourth century, &c.; of the fifth century," and so on, down to the middle ages. We need add nothing more to this peremptory refutation of the charge that De Rossi's abridgers have gone beyond their original; that they have asserted without hesitation what he had been careful not to assert; and that "the eminent antiquary is himself more careful and accurate in his statements than the authors of the abridgments are."⁹

And now at length we come to the main subject of our present paper, the real dates of the Catacomb paintings. We have already said that Mr. Parker's statements on this point are consistent; they are also very distinct and positive. "Fully three-fourths of the paintings," he says, "belong to the latest restorations of the eighth and ninth centuries, and of the remaining fourth part a considerable number are of the sixth century."¹⁰ This does not leave many to be distributed over the first five centuries; nevertheless, he adds that "there are many paintings of the fourth and fifth centuries, of which the earliest are the common Good Shepherd and certain well-known Scriptural subjects. The history of Jonah was the fashion chiefly in the fifth century. . . . There are also paintings of the second and third centuries, but these are not of religious subjects at all, and might as well be the decoration of a Pagan tomb as of a Christian catacomb. . . . There are no religious subjects before the time of Constantine." Such is Mr. Parker's first sketch of the early history of Christian art; nor has he anywhere, so far as we are aware, materially swerved from it, or made any noteworthy qualification of any of its details excepting in one place,¹¹ where he speaks more moderately, and says that "the Christian and Scriptural subjects do not generally begin before the time of Constantine, unless possibly some of the very numerous 'Good Shepherds' may be before that time;" but he again asserts that "the paintings of the second and third centuries are not Christian

⁹ P. 162.¹⁰ P. 11.¹¹ P. 15

nor Scriptural." Unfortunately, however, he differs from other people as to what is Christian and Scriptural. Thus we have seen him to-day attributing to Paganism representations of Gospel stories, and even an incident in the Passion itself. Again, he allows "certain paintings in the Catacombs of Pretextatus and SS. Nereus and Achilleus to be of the second and third centuries;" but then "they are merely ornamental, or they are probably Pagan, such as the cultivation of the vine in Pretextatus, and the four seasons in St. Nereus." But it so happens that with the four seasons in St. Nereus is joined, immediately below, a representation of the Good Shepherd, and, on the other side of the same chamber, Moses striking the rock, and Jonas cast out of the ship; and with the beautiful tracery of the vine, in a still more ancient part of the same cemetery, are united a scene from pastoral life, a fisherman, a feast whereat two people are partaking of bread and fish, Daniel in the lions' den, and Noe in his ark, in addition to the Good Shepherd. Thus we have six or seven of the most frequently repeated Scriptural subjects intimately united with other paintings to which even Mr. Parker himself is obliged to concede the honour of primitive antiquity.

But there is another and perhaps still more effectual way of refuting this absurd theory as to the chronology of the subterranean paintings. Mr. Parker says, "no religious subjects were painted before the time of Constantine," and that "the history of Jonah was the fashion chiefly in the fifth century." Yet we have a Roman writer of the earlier half of that century appealing to the representations of the history of Jonas, which already existed *in veterum sepulcris*. These certainly cannot have been the work of yesterday at the time when they were thus appealed to. It is Ruffinus who upbraids St. Jerome with the novelty he had introduced into his translation of the prophet, calling the plant which had grown up in a night for his protection, ivy, or some other plant, instead of the gourd, as it had appeared in more ancient translations; and he satirically remarks that now that "the world is growing old and everything is hastening onwards to the end," this notable discovery ought to be written up in the old cemeteries, that the dead too may be disabused of the erroneous opinion under which they had been allowed to live and die, that the prophet had been sheltered by a gourd. This ironical language is easily appreciated by those who are familiar with the continual reproductions of Jonas and the gourd throughout the Catacombs, and who know that these paintings

had been executed in the second and third centuries. But we should like to hear Mr. Parker attempt to explain the point of Ruffinus' saying. Indeed we are curious to learn how he accounts for this uniform representation of the gourd, if the paintings were made only at a date subsequent to St. Jerome's translation of the Scriptures. No doubt the artists were not all bound at once to follow his interpretation in preference to any other, and we need not contend that every painting of the prophet lying under a gourd is older than the fifth century. It is quite possible, or even probable, that artists would continue for some time merely to repeat the works of their predecessors; but it is not open to Mr. Parker to avail himself of this explanation, since according to him the artists of that period had, on this point, no predecessors to follow, certainly none who deserved to be called ancient. And it is worth noticing that in the Christian monuments of Gaul, which are all of a later date than the original decorations of the Roman Catacombs, the representations of this scene are made to agree with the version of St. Jerome, whilst contrariwise in the East, where that version was not received, the gourd still held its ground even as late as the ninth century, as we learn from the miniatures which ornament a Greek menologium of that date.

But let us rise out of this region of details, and take a more general view of the subject. It is notorious that it was the fashion among the wealthy Pagans in the first ages of Christianity to decorate their sepulchres with painting, and the *onus probandi* lies therefore on our adversaries to show cause why the Christians should not have done the same. Mr. Parker indeed allows that the Pagan practice "was evidently imitated in the Catacombs," but he says "by the poor," and "in the fourth and fifth centuries and later."¹² We ask, why by the poor rather than by the rich, to whom imitation would have been so much easier? and why "in the fourth and fifth centuries and later," rather than in the second and third and earlier? Surely it is easier to believe that the Christians never abandoned a practice to which they had been always accustomed, than that after the lapse of two or three centuries they adopted what before they had always abstained from. One of Mr. Parker's own contributors (Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt) writes more reasonably as well as more truly, when he says that "the Christian faith revived art rather than destroyed it, in restoring what it had so long

¹² P. 43.

lacked, a true meaning and a weighty purpose. In technical skill the Christian work is always inferior to the heathen; though many examples of both are of the same school. But the crucial distinction is that Christian work ceases to be trivial, and assumes didactic or instructive power, at once and for ever."

And on what subject was it likely that it should begin to be thus didactic? Since its earliest efforts were to be spent on the adornment of cemeteries, there can hardly be any hesitation as to the answer that must be given to this question. "Faith in the resurrection of the body," says De Rossi, "and in the blessed life of souls looking forward to this resurrection, is the supreme idea and (so to speak) the essential groundwork of all the Biblical symbolism employed on the sepulchres. This is what is alluded to by the history of Daniel uninjured among the lions; and Noe in the ark, and the dove that brings him the olive-branch of peace. This is the end and last reward which is aimed at, both by the fish which, caught in the waters of this world by the evangelical fisherman, is born again in the waters of Baptism; and by the flock of the baptized who obey the voice of that Shepherd Who said of Himself, 'I am the resurrection and the life;' and by the fruit-bearing branches of the vine, whilst those that bear no fruit are cut off and cast into the fire. The rock struck by the rod of power is Jesus Christ, the never-failing source and fountain of that life whereof His disciples are invited to drink freely, with the promise that 'they that drink of it shall not thirst for ever, but that the water they shall drink shall become in them a fountain springing up into life everlasting.' But then the pledge, the food, the necessary condition of this blessed and glorious hope, is participation of the Holy Eucharist. 'If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever;' 'he that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day.' And therefore all the parables, histories, and symbols employed by ancient Christian art, are often summed up in a scene which unites with the representation of the heavenly banquet, the final goal of a Christian's hope in the next world, that other banquet which is a pledge and a preparation for it, 'the table which the Lord has prepared' for His people during their time of trial and pilgrimage in this world."

In this short paragraph, De Rossi enumerates all the subjects which he finds brought together in the entrance to the cemetery of Domitilla, one of the earliest and best specimens of pictorial

art to be found in the whole range of the Catacombs. It includes nearly all the most important subjects which enter into the cycle of primitive Christian art, and which are repeated most frequently; and we think nobody will be disposed to find fault with the explanation which he gives of them, viz., that the animating principle of them all is a firm belief in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. One of Mr. Parker's contributors, indeed (Professor Westwood), deprecates all inquiry into the Christian significance either of the fresco paintings in the subterranean vaults or of the sculpture on the sarcophagi; he considers "the manner in which many of them have been attempted to be explained far fetched in the extreme," and savouring of mysticism. But the question is, not what happens to commend itself to the taste of any critical professor in the nineteenth century, but what was the habit of thought and method of Scriptural interpretation which prevailed among Christians in the second, third, and fourth centuries. And everybody knows that the only principles of exegesis which were then admitted saw types and figures of Christian facts and doctrines in every Bible narrative. This is the principle which St. Paul himself makes use of, when he represents Ismael and Isaac as the types of Jewish servitude and Christian liberty; and it would have been strange indeed if Christian art should have been less symbolical than Christian sermons or treatises on Christian dogma. We shall proceed, then, to give at length De Rossi's remarks upon the last scene which we have mentioned, both because it is the only one on which even a Protestant reader is likely to have the smallest doubt, and because, either through clumsiness or wilfulness, Mr. Parker has managed, with his usual skill, to give a very false representation of it. It is painted, as we have said, at the end of the principal gallery which leads from the now famous entrance to the *Sepulchrum Flaviorum*, and gives admission to the Catacomb of SS. Nereus and Achilleus which is connected with it. De Rossi describes it as follows:

Two persons (they seem both to be men) are sitting on a couch with a three-legged table before them, on which is served a fish, surrounded by three loaves. Standing opposite to them is a man, who perhaps is the waiter at the feast and may be serving the wine; but of this it is impossible to judge, in consequence of the injured condition of the painting. The composition of the scene bears a close resemblance to those representations which archæologists are wont to call funeral feasts. It has been shown by Letronne (in the *Revue Arch-*

œologique) that the earliest specimens of feasts of this kind are to be seen on Greek *stèle* or *cippi*, more frequently than on any other class of monuments; and the resemblance between this picture in the Catacomb and the ordinary type on the Greek *stèle* is an additional proof of its great antiquity, for in the other pictures in the Catacombs representing feasts, the type is altogether different. When fish appears on the table in any festive scene, it is a token of sumptuous fare; but it is worthy of observation that in the Greek *stèle* and in monuments which belong (as the one now before us does) to a period anterior to the middle of the second century, fish is rarely or never seen on a tripod. Moreover, it is never found with bread on any sculptures earlier than the sarcophagi of the Imperial period; but on these it does appear rarely, and almost always on very roughly executed sarcophagi of the third century, so that perhaps the influence of Christian art may have had something to do with its use.

But, whereas the fish and bread together appear rarely, and only at a late period, in the representations of feasts on Pagan monuments, they have a solemn and mysterious significance of considerable importance on the monuments of the early Christians. The cycle of paintings representing the Eucharistic fish is developed in all its fulness in the cemetery of Callixtus; and there the bread and fish appear together twice on a tripod, as they do here also; once, in the midst of the baskets of the loaves multiplied, and once between the priest and a woman in the attitude of prayer [or, as Mr. Parker prefers stating it, "between Christ and the Church"]; so that no one doubts but that this tripod is meant for the table of the Holy Eucharist, called by St. Paul "the table of the Lord." Now, since the *rappports* are manifest between the sepulchral paintings that we knew before and those which we have now discovered in this most ancient *hypogeum* in the cemetery of Domitilla, the tripod with the bread and fish, a sacred and solemn symbol in primitive Christian art, must not be interpreted here in a sense different from that which shines forth so bright and clear in the monuments of the other cemeteries, and especially in those now become so famous in the grand necropolis of Callixtus. Only we must inquire how the Eucharistic table connects itself in this place with the rest of the composition; and whether the later rich and varied representations of the fish as a type of the Holy Eucharist were developed from this as from a first *abbozzo*. To treat with the fulness that it deserves of the interpretation of this group, I ought first carefully to set forth the points of resemblance and of difference between the so-called funeral feasts represented on Pagan monuments, and then to treat of all the various feasts in which the fish appears on Christian monuments. But since it is impossible to develop so long a discourse within the narrow limits of the *Bullettino*, I postpone this treatise till I can publish another edition of my dissertation on the fish as a Christian symbol, which I will do as soon as my other more serious obligations will allow [a time which has not yet arrived we are

sorry to say, though twelve years have elapsed since this was written]. Here I can only briefly point out what I think is clear and what others will without difficulty be persuaded to accept. I say, then, that the extreme rarity of this combination of bread and fish in representations of Pagan feasts, and the symbolical significance (with which everybody is now familiar) of this combination in every kind of work executed by Christian artists, are a sufficient guide to us in the selection of monuments with which to compare this new discovery. All the other groups painted in this part of the cemetery of Domitilla [*i.e.* Daniel, Noe, the fisherman, the good Shepherd,] manifestly resemble those found in the other Catacombs; and this not only suggests to us, but according to all laws of sound criticism obliges us to institute the proposed comparison.

Now I distinguish on Christian monuments three chief classes of tables or feasts, in which the fish is united with bread. The first are the so-called *agape* (which I believe to be rather the heavenly banquet of the blessed), whereat men and women sit together in varying numbers, and where this particular selection and combination of only two kinds of food is not uniformly observed; the second are suppers, whereat only seven men are seated, and where the fish and bread are always found together, and generally several basketsful of bread are added; the third is the tripod bearing these things on it, either alone amid baskets of bread, or placed between a priest and an *orante*. Now, in these last instances, the Eucharistic signification of the scene is at its highest and most perfect degree of development; the secret and mysterious sense of the painting cannot be called in question; in pictures of the second class, the mysterious signification is united with two Gospel facts, the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, and the feast of the seven disciples on bread and fish on the banks of the Sea of Tiberias, recorded in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel; but in paintings of the first class, the bread and fish are only an accessory, not the principal purpose of the scene, nor yet in any way essential to its symbolical meaning. That scene represents the happiness of the blessed in the next world under the figure of a feast, in accordance with the parables of the Gospel, and even in accordance with a custom which had become by no means uncommon on Pagan sepulchres during the struggle between Paganism and Christianity: and the dominant idea in it is simply that of convivial joy, not any particular selection of this or that food. If, as a matter of fact, the Christian artist chose to represent in these feasts the special food of bread and fish in preference to any other, inasmuch as according to the symbolic language of art throughout the cemeteries they were not indifferent but concealed a mystery, it is easy to understand the reason of this preference, since the use of this food was in the eyes of the faithful the very pledge of a blessed immortality and of admission to the heavenly banquet, according to those words of Christ: "He that eateth this bread shall live for ever." We conclude, then, that this group in the cemetery of Domitilla is not a representation or a resemblance

of any miracle or of any entertainment recorded in the Gospels; neither does it seem to me to be meant for the more mysterious Eucharistic table, since there is nothing in the dress or attitude of the persons between whom it stands, to indicate that they are engaged in a religious rite; they are not represented in prayer, but merely sit joyfully, partaking of a meal. I believe, then, that this is a representation of the first kind, *i.e.*, a symbol of blessedness and of the heavenly banquet, not altogether separate, however, from the remembrance and the symbol of that Divine food which is the appointed preparation to the faithful for a participation in that heavenly banquet.

We have been compelled to give a longer extract from De Rossi than we could have wished; but any compression of his statement would have seriously injured the contrast we desired to set before our readers between De Rossi's opinions as they really are, and as they are represented by Mr. Parker. We have heard them from De Rossi, now let us hear them from Mr. Parker. "The paintings of feasts so frequently found in the Catacombs are usually interpreted," he says, "either as the last supper of our Lord upon earth, or the Agape or Love feast of the early Christians. The Bishop [of Limerick], on the contrary, is of opinion that some of them, at least, represent the heavenly banquet of the blest, the marriage supper spoken of in the Gospels and the Book of Revelation."¹³ And then follows a dissertation of Dr. Graves, of which we need say nothing, since, according to Mr. Parker's own account of it, it only (as far as it goes) corroborates De Rossi's opinion, instead of contradicting it.

But we must make room for Mr. Parker's second statement—for of course he has a second—as to the Catholic way of understanding these paintings. In this, whilst still ignoring De Rossi's first class of sepulchral paintings of feasts, he suggests another explanation of them which is new to us, and manages to introduce an egregious blunder and an element of great confusion into his account of the third class. He says,¹⁴ that "the paintings in the Catacombs representing a feast, are called by some the marriage feast at Cana, by others an *agape*. It is also said by some to be the last supper of Christ upon earth, when he partook of the broiled fish with *six of the Apostles* [the italics are Mr. Parker's], as described in the last chapter of St. John's gospel. In some instances the representations agree well with this, in other cases they do not. In St. John's account there were *seven disciples* (again Mr. Parker's italics) present on that

¹³ P. 195.

¹⁴ P. 9.

occasion ; some of the paintings represent six and others twelve, besides the central figure of Christ Himself, but never seven."

We cannot quite trust ourselves to speak of this passage as we think it deserves. To use the most moderate language that is at all adequate to its merits, we will say that it is one of the finest examples we know of that method of arguing, which is familiarly called throwing dust into the reader's eyes. When first we read it, we turned impatiently to Mr. Parker's photographs, expecting to find something that we had never seen before. But, no ! there was the same scene of seven men at a table, with bread and fish before them, that we were already familiar with in De Rossi's chromolithographs and our own. Next, we turned to Dr. Graves' dissertation, and we found him too describing a scene of "seven persons seated at a couch-table ;" another, of "seven nude figures," and a third, of "seven persons seated at a table," &c. ; and allowing that though their primary scope was to represent the incidents which followed the miraculous draught of fishes, yet "they may also be regarded as having a reference to the Eucharist." Then we turned back to Mr. Parker's text, and marked his italics ; and thus we learnt for the first time that some persons, or rather that Mr. Parker asserts that some persons, have said that our Lord in His last supper on earth "partook of broiled fish with *six of the Apostles*." We challenge Mr. Parker to produce a single author who has ever said so ; and until our challenge is answered, we must entertain an opinion not too favourable of that gentleman's veracity. And next, we must challenge him to produce his authority for stating that our Lord Himself partook of food on this occasion with His Apostles. Finally, we must ask what reason he has (beyond his own imagination) for supposing that the artist intended the central figure in his painting to be that of our Blessed Lord. When he has satisfied these inquiries, it will be time enough to examine any other of his criticisms more minutely. But by dexterously assuming all these things, and setting up a false statement to be refuted instead of the true one, we have little doubt that many of his readers will have been completely taken in : they will lay down his volume with the conviction that he has triumphantly disproved all the assertions of De Rossi and other Catholic writers that a prominent position was given to the Holy Eucharist in the earliest efforts of Christian art.

We too lay down his volume, with convictions which need not be characterized. We have spoken of it with unwonted but not with undeserved severity. For it is a book of unpardonable

presumption, ignorance, and carelessness. It also came to us at a most inauspicious moment. The third volume of De Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea* had just arrived, with its astounding minuteness of detail, its beautiful and orderly arrangement, its copious learning, its charming discoveries and its convincing arguments. We sat ourselves down to enjoy the intellectual treat provided for us—but Virgil shall describe for us what happened.

Extruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis ;
At subito horribilo lapsu de montibus adsunt—
Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia sedant
Imundo . . . Sociis tunc, arma capessant,
Edico, et dirā bellum cum gente gerendum.

But, alas! we fear that the end of the story may be fulfilled as well as the beginning; for the writer of such a book must needs be insensible to the shafts of criticism.

Sed neque vim plumis ulla, nec vulnera tergo
Accipiunt.

However, we did not take up our pen with the faintest hope of shaking Mr. Parker's confidence in his own theories. We are only anxious to guard others against being led astray by them. The science of *Roma Sotterranea* is essentially a new science. It has been constructed with the most exemplary patience and caution, and at the cost of infinite labour, during the last twenty or thirty years; and it rouses our bile to see its chief founder misrepresented by ignorance and assailed by calumny. The plan of De Rossi's work, and the express will of the Holy Father by whose orders it has been published, is that everything shall be given to the world fully and accurately. He has followed this plan so faithfully that many of his readers are even wearied by the prolixity of his narrative; they complain of the pertinacity with which he insists on registering every tiny fragment of stone that he meets with, though the letters upon it may be too few to give the slightest clue to their meaning and he is unable to suggest any probable supplement. The highest authorities in the literary world acknowledge both his profound learning and his unimpeachable integrity; and in token of this recognition, he has received from the first universities both of Europe and America—alas! that we must except those of our own country—the highest honours and degrees they can confer. It has been reserved to an Honorary M.A. of Oxford to accuse this eminent scholar of wilful suppression, and to revive exploded theories of past ages in opposition to the most certain conclusions of modern research.

J. S. N.

presumption, ignorance, and carelessness. It also came to us at a most inauspicious moment. The third volume of Dr. Koss's *Waves of Science* had just arrived, with its astounding minute-ness of detail, its beautiful and orderly arrangement, its copious learning, its charming discoveries and its convincing arguments. We sat ourselves down to enjoy the intellectual treat provided for us—but *Vergil opened*.

Solution of Continuity.

THE object of this essay is to show how little satisfaction an inquiring mind can derive from the ultimate conclusions and practical teachings of our modern apostles of scientific infidelity; and, on the other hand, how and where the human intellect may find profound rest, secure shelter, and every help and comfort in its deepest investigations of all things.

I think if one were to ask an infidel scientist of the day why he is convinced that man is but a developed brute, he would reply somewhat in this way: "The study of nature brings home to us more and more the law of continuity. This law proclaims that in every line of existence, and in every field of being, there is no break, that there is continuous development, insensible merging, gradation without solution. Let us run through a few considerations which will bring out this more clearly. Crystallization is the tendency of inorganic matter. Molecular crystals by continuous infinitesimal accretions build up molar masses. Time and space, under whose conditions we view all things, cannot be imagined otherwise than continuous. Motion, which is caused by different portions of space being successively occupied by the same body or particle, throws in its testimony for us. A hair, a tooth, a blade of grass, an oak, an animal organization, grow, fill in, perfect themselves in every direction in obedience to this law. The intense and instinctive craving of the intellect for it produced the differential and integral calculus, the fundamental idea of which is that the generation of geometrical and algebraical quantities is continuous or flowing. The formation of bodily, mental, and moral habits proceeds in the same manner. 'Nature never jumps,' says Leibnitz. If our mind be capable of grasping truth at all, there is no law they seem to declare true with such universal reiteration as this. All philosophical systems, all scientific ideas, all generalizations and classifications are witnesses to our innate intellectual necessity to harmonize and unify, to

make facts and ideas fall into rank, and marshal themselves according to discipline, and march under fixed laws. But the mind is not satisfied with many independent laws. It ever strives to mass them, and bring them under as few heads as possible, and even to get at one principle which will be the ruler of all laws and the soul-satisfying explanation of all phenomena. Applied to external nature this instinct of the mind has revealed to us the interdependence and substantial identity of all physical forces. Under its direction we are necessitated to look for one substance whose continuous modifications will explain all mysteries of matter and life and mind. With all nature, internal and external, carrying the impress of this law of continuity, how can we look upon man otherwise than as the continuous development of lower forms of life, or, as you invidiously term him, a developed brute? With the modern revelations of physical science joined to the instincts of our own intellects, we believe in the continuity of nature. 'By an intellectual necessity we cross the boundary of experimental evidence, and discern in matter the promise and potency of every form of life.'"¹

The discovery of relations between things is one of the chief joys of the pursuit of knowledge. The more comprehensive a new idea is the more intellectual pleasure does it bring along with it. The fascination, then, which this universal law of continuity possesses seems to be that it embraces, correlates, and binds in one all entia without exception.

That there is such a law no one can doubt any more than he can doubt that the intensity of light, radiating from a point, varies inversely as the square of the distance. But it is a law which prevails along certain lines only, and in limited ways, and falls very short of embracing all beings in all their bearings. The existence of one great idea or law, which it and all other laws subserve and run up into, it and they and all things lead us irresistibly to conclude. Acknowledging this law of continuity as a law of nature we are no more unphilosophical in rejecting its absolute universality than we are in denying that gravitation can explain the phenomena of consciousness. It is, taken universally, an overhasty generalization, an instance in the world of thought analogous to the many impetuous follies

¹ See Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address, *Fragments of Science*, p. 524. "All terrestrial life" in the revised edition is substituted for "every form of life," as it was delivered.

that impatient man, "always for hurrying things," perpetrates continually in the world of action. It is, however, an example of an inherent fault in human nature which, like most glaring evils, will go far to cure what it springs from, for by directing men's attention to the *modus operandi* of nature, it will teach them to hasten slowly, to labour and to wait, to let things grow, and not to see how the roots are getting on; it will make them feel that genius, success, happiness, are the effect of pains-taking toil—

Nil sine magno

Vita labore dedit mortalibus.

The modern doctrine of evolution is subject to the law of continuity. It is clear they are not the same. For we could have evolution without continuity, and a continuous procession without evolution, as, for example, in motion. However, the modern law of evolution is that everything progresses continuously from lower to higher forms of being. According to this theory the universe was once, at a practically infinitely remote period, a vast nebula, a homogeneous mass of glowing gas, containing *in potentia* all the wonders of stellar masses, of light and heat and electricity, of crystallization, vegetation, sensation, and intellect. This mass, and therefore, every atom in it, must have had some sort of circular motion or motions. As it cooled and its atoms became more closely packed under the forces of attraction and repulsion, rings broke off, split up, fashioned themselves into embryo solar systems, retaining the motions of the parent mass. The cooling process, the packing of the atoms, still went on. The molten orbs became more and more solidified. At last on some of them, as, for instance, on our earth, the conditions of organic life were evolved. Organisms of the simplest form were developed from the potentiality of the original matter without the solution of continuity, for the law is *natura nunquam facit saltus*. These organisms, as befitted the outcome of infinitely potential matter, tended to develop in every direction. Those which most strongly tended in useful ways, survived in the struggle for existence, and handed on their useful tendencies to their offspring, of which again the fittest survived. Meanwhile the crust of the earth where this battle for existence was going on, progressed likewise, becoming more and more fit for higher forms of life, backing up might against everything else, bestowing house and home, food and clothing on the doughty organisms that ousted their weaker

brethren from existence. Higher, ever higher, tended the organisms, so that the lines of development extend from the unicellular product of properly conditioned matter all round through progressive algæ and endogens, polyps and invertebrates, exogens and vertebrates, the present leading families of the vegetable and brute kingdoms (in which last man must be content to range himself) forming the outermost circle of that concentric and continuous series, radiating from the unicellular ancestor.

It cannot be denied that this elaborate theory is an inference from well-ascertained facts in every field of thought. Nature seems to cry out from stone and plant and animal, from mind and will, from art and science, from civilization, and every form of political and religious organization, that, on the whole, symmetrical and continuous evolution, whether in infinitely diverging or ultimately converging series, is how we and the world around us came to be foremost in the ranks of time. But well-ascertained facts and inferences from them are very different things. Like the more general law of continuity, evolution holds sway in certain directions to an uncertain extent. Its universal application will be proved untenable.

The human mind with unconquerable restlessness seeks for truth, unchanging, eternal, heart-filling truth. For awhile it will feed on views and probabilities, but then again it will break away and search high and low, driven on by a necessity of its being, to find an everlasting resting place, whence it can see that it can never, never be driven, come what may. Otherwise it cannot be at peace. The history of the human mind is the proof of this. How blind, then, must those scientist philosophers be, who think that they can satisfy the soul hungering for the bread of life with the stones and serpents, which they proffer. Before pointing out where the law of evolution, looked upon as universal, positively fails, I will touch upon a few things which will show first, how unsatisfactory a solution to the cosmic mystery it affords in the hands of the infidels, and secondly, how at the very best, even in a restricted sphere, it is and will remain but a probable theory.

Supposing, then, for the sake of argument, that this law expresses a real objective mode of cosmic action, we cannot be satisfied without knowing what caused the atoms or nebular mass, which potentially contained the myriad forms of mind and matter we behold on all sides. Whatever gave that matter

being or power to act, must itself possess these infinite capacities. Cause and effect are watchwords of science. Modern thinkers, advanced and profound as they delight to call one another, confess they cannot answer. Physical science can tell nothing of how the world came to be, nothing of what it finally will become. We are still more interested in the problem of the nature of the connection between ourselves and that origin of all things. Whence, whither, why? Now we must see that the unquenchable thirst of the human mind for first and last causes indicates a fountain where that thirst may be slaked. Otherwise a rational nature would have its strongest intellectual appetite irrational and incurably so. With regard to our own destiny, then, hear and judge how satisfactory are the answers of our apostles, whose only desire is to know the truth, whose only fear is to believe a lie,² though why they are so singular in this, their wish and fear, is far from clear.

An eminent London physician (quoted by the *Times*) told the students in the customary address at the opening of the medical session, last October twelvemonth, that we were tiny wavelets of consciousness on the infinite ocean of unconsciousness, upon whose placid bosom we shall finally subside, at rest for ever. Professor Tyndall says that we shall melt like streaks of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past. George Eliot the pantheist, and Mr. F. H. Harrison the positivist, assure us that, if we deny ourselves and groan and agonize, we shall live for ever in the minds of others, made better by our presence. The charmingly frank way in which such apostles of free thought as Goethe and his biographer, Mr. G. H. Lewes, cut away the very foundations of these noble speculations deserves a full quotation. "It has been said reproachfully that in *Faust* the problem is stated but not solved. . . . But very noticeable it is that Goethe, who has so clearly stated the problem, has also, both practically in his life and theoretically in his writings, given us the nearest approach to a solution by showing how 'the heavy and the weary weight' of this great burden may be wisely borne. His doctrine of renunciation—*dass wir entsagen müssen*—applied by him with fertile results in so many directions, both in life and theory, will be found to approach a solution, or at any rate to leave the insoluble mystery without its perplexing and tormenting influence. Activity and sincerity carry us far if we begin by renunciation, if we at the outset content ourselves with the

² *Fragments of Science*, p. 456.

knowable and attainable, and give up the wild impatience of desire for the unknowable and unattainable. The mystery of existence is an awful problem, but it *is* a mystery and placed beyond the boundaries of human faculty. Recognize it as such, and renounce ! Knowledge can only be relative, never absolute. But in that wide sphere let each work according to ability. Happiness, ideal and actual, is equally unattainable : renounce it ! The sphere of active duty is wide, sufficing, ennobling to all who strenuously work in it. In the very sweat of labour there is stimulus which gives energy to life ; and a consciousness that our labour tends in some way to the lasting benefit of others, makes the rolling years endurable." ³ In much the same elevated strain preach Messrs. Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and the rest, and throw in the weight of protoplasm, pangenesis, physiological units, and transfigured realism to induce mankind to worship at the altar of the unknown and unknowable, with what object is not stated.

Let people who instinctively, and possibly unconsciously, hate authority, and all modes of intellectual and moral restraint, except what they choose themselves, drug their minds sufficiently to accept these conditions of renunciation ; but we who are willing to obey all lawful authority, and to welcome all moral restraints, which we know to come from an infinitely wise and good Being, will not shirk those burning problems, but will spend our lives in penetrating them more and more, since they alone are really worthy of investigation, all others deriving their value from them.

To show the inconclusive nature of the proof that all or even many things have been evolved as maintained, I need only bring under notice what a few of the most advanced thinkers have themselves announced. Geologists, biologists, palæontologists, physiologists, anatomists, physicists, and scientists of all persuasions candidly acknowledge that they have not discovered the links or steps, which in any line would continuously connect the present state of the material, vegetable, and animal universe with that primeval state of gas, from which they start. At the best the linking is rough, and mostly huge gaps appear, which necessitate their crossing the boundary line of experiment and extending their vision where facts cease to lead, until they come up with the facts again a long way ahead. These links, in fact, are conspicuous for their absence "all along the line," to use a

³ *Life of Goethe*, p. 478.

newspaper phrase. Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Seeley, Virchow, and Hæckell will bear me out here. From their own admissions I have learnt it. The facts they maintain give the mind its direction; inference does the rest. How unsatisfactory that inference is we shall now see.

The above-named distinguished savants confess, then, that the record in the strata of the earth is very defective, and that no single instance of spontaneous generation has been experimentally proved. They fully concede that the general rule is *omne vivum ex ovo*, and the rule without exception *omne vivum e vivo*. However, they all cry out with Dr. Virchow, "To be sure, if I do not believe in a Creator, Who breathed life into a clod of earth, I am compelled to assume the production of the organic world by *generatio æquivoca*. *Tertium non datur*. If a man is at all anxious to settle the question of the world's origin, his only choice lies between these two alternatives."⁴ This is a very favourite way for extreme evolutionists to wind up at present. In his recent course of lectures on evolution, Professor Seeley, before concluding, acknowledged the imperfection of the proof, but said we had to choose between evolution and special creations. Professor Huxley lecturing on "The extinct animals termed Belemnites," asked his hearers whether they would regard each gradation of form as a special creation. "They should be cautious, for if they answered according to common sense they would be called evolutionists, and a worse name he did not know." But Professor Tyndall beats them all in the sublimity of the vagueness in which he leaves the inquirer. In his famous Belfast Address he says, "The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists, not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with scientific thought." And he considerably concludes thus: "If unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs, then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm

⁴ From the speech of Dr. Virchow of Berlin, at the Autumnal Meeting of Natural Philosophers at Munich. Quoted by the *Times*, November 26, 1877.

this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man."

It must be borne in mind that if the views of these eminent men, who are allowed to be representative teachers of the infidel school, were true, then there would be no such thing as an immortal spirit in man capable of knowing immutable truth and of doing formal good and evil, there would be no such thing as sanctity and wickedness, deserving of eternal reward and punishment, and so no Heaven, no Hell; God would be either a congeries of automatic unconscious forces, or a Being to whom vice and virtue and everything in the world would be wholly indifferent, and who would be by us completely unknowable; Divine Providence, by Whom we believe the very hairs of our head are numbered, would be a poetic myth, and all that our religious nature believed, and hoped, and feared, and loved would be annihilated. We, who feel that "it is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God,"⁶ must see the worthlessness of these infidel schemes and views, the vanity of their probabilities and plausibilities, the madness of those who would lean upon such weak and broken reeds. Surely, if they want to convert us to their ways of thinking, they should first prove clearly that we have no immortal soul, and therefore that it is demonstrable folly to hope for Heaven and to fear Hell. Professor Tyndall's reply is that science is logically feeble, that it "keeps down the weed of superstition, not by logic, but by slowly rendering the mental soil [unfit for its cultivation."⁶ But nothing short of logical proofs will satisfy mankind in the long run, and most assuredly the human intellect will recoil from these crude speculations, and really philosophic minds will distinguish between what is admissible and what is repugnant to reason and common sense and faith, which starts from both.

The Catholic Church, the proved teacher of eternal truth, leaves to our unfettered investigations the universe, inorganic and organic, reserving to herself the origin and spiritual nature of man's soul only, though even here the philosopher has the widest scope for his inquiries. It is free therefore for the Catholic to hold what views he thinks most probable in these indefinitely wide fields thrown open for his researches. Whenever he is commanded to believe, irrefragable proofs are given him that

⁶ Heb. x. 31. ⁶ *Fragments of Science*, p. 321.

such faith is most reasonable. Admitting, then, that within wide limits, which it is lawful for every one to settle by rational research, the theory of the evolution of inorganic and organic forms is probable, I boldly maintain that there is nothing whatever unscientific or unphilosophical in concluding that there have been not one, but several creations. When we consider the very lame substitute which the scientists offer, they should I think, suppress their scorn somewhat, and allow that there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in their philosophy. As far as I can see at present, I am of opinion that there is an essential and consequently naturally impassable separation between brute matter, with its forces and vegetable life, and also between vegetation and sensation, so that evolution could not continuously take place between these. So far all scientific research confirms this. Vegetable and animal forms consequently would have demanded a special creation, for I do not see how they could have existed in that glowing vapour. I am certain that an eternally impassable abyss separates matter, plants, and brutes from the rational soul of man, which must therefore emanate from God by direct creation. Special creations of the principal existing vegetable and animal forms no more militate against anything that science really teaches than does the theory of evolution sanely weighed, which accepted without limit is provably untrue. It may be urged that the analogies and identities of structure in the various forms of existing things are inexplicable, except by the evolutionary process. I reply that these likenesses are sufficiently explained by considering that all are the production of one infinite mind, Whose power, wisdom, and goodness they each in its degree shadow forth, that all belong to one Divine scheme, that all are therefore related, and run up into one Idea, and exist for one and the same great end, namely, God's external glory, so that the really surprising thing would be if these links and relationships did not exist. The resemblances in the concrete between these substances are analogous to those which exist between our ideas, abstracted from the most diverse regions of speculation and observation, and which make possible the highest manifestations of witty, poetic, oratorical, and philosophical powers. Similarities in ideas and substances prove unity of Creator, but not unity in created origin. But, as I said, here we are free. The Church most heartily encourages scientific and philosophic research of the profoundest description. She

knows that every new discovery will in the end bring out more clearly the validity of her claims.

Having shown how unsatisfactory a solution of the mystery of the universe evolution is, I will now prove where it positively fails. Professor Tyndall, speaking of that substance, which many philosophers hold to be the radix and potential origin of all material bodies and forces, says: "The waves of light require a medium for their formation and propagation; but we cannot see, or feel, or taste, or smell this medium. How, then, has its existence been established? By showing that by the assumption of this wonderful intangible *æther*, all the phenomena of optics are accounted for with a fulness and clearness and conclusiveness which leave no desire of the intellect unsatisfied. . . . If a single phenomenon could be pointed out which the *æther* is proved incompetent to explain, we should have to give it up; but no such phenomenon has ever been pointed out."⁷

If that primeval vapour contained potentially all modes of existence which we see around us, some of the consequences we have seen would be not a little startling. To prove that one or two of these consequences are absurd will be to demonstrate the untenableness of the evolution theory, pure and simple.

It is essential to matter to have parts. Even the naturally indestructible atoms, of which Dr. Tyndall is so fond, cannot be conceived otherwise than being absolutely disceptible, though naturally not so. It will, I think, be admitted that matter is *in se* divisible *ad infinitum*, *i. e.*, as long as it exists at all, though in order to exist it must necessarily have some infinitesimal magnitude. Here, if anywhere, visible entities give the mind its direction; for take any bit of matter, divide, subdivide, get the most powerful microscope to be had, and proceed with the division. We cannot ever stop. Indefinitely away beyond the boundary line of experiment that particle divides itself, till it reaches a stage beyond which no one but God Himself could divide it farther. But it never puts off its divisible nature. That material vapour therefore could not have potentially contained the rational, unextended, and partless soul of man, whatever may be said of plants and brutes. No matter visible or invisible to mortal ken could elicit the simple and universal ideas, which distinguish the intellectual faculties of man from

⁷ *Fragments of Science*, p. 73.

the cognitional powers of brutes. For example, no atom or group of atoms could have the notion of being, of formal goodness, of abstract relations, *i. e.*, relations *qua* relations, whether of cause and effect, or of utility, or of beauty. No atom or group of atoms could, from seeing one or two triangles, circles, parallelograms and their properties, conceive the necessary and universal truth of such relations. The same may be said of all mathematical theories. No atom or group of atoms could conceive space and time, and still less separate one from the other, and boundless as they are in imagination, conceive both the one and the other as necessarily limited. I can conceive eternal duration without beginning, without succession, without end, therefore I can conceive when time (which is the measure of the duration of mutable things) began, and the present moment limits it at the nearer end. I can put a limit to actual space, though none to potential. For imagine the outermost body in the universe, and beyond that there is nothing—no air, no *æther*, no anything. That is the limit of actual space, which is the location, with its relations of course, of an existing body, and potentially is the possibility of such location. I can conceive infinite immensity independent of space; for if no created thing existed there would be no such thing as space, and still an infinite being would exist. I can conceive, though I cannot imagine,⁸ spirits in space and not contained by space, and yet present in many points of space at the same time, as the soul is in the body, whole in the whole, and whole in every part, and as God is everywhere. There must be something analogous to this in the duration of spirits. St. Peter⁹ tells us “that one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day,” and so as spirits participate in the Almighty’s power of being, whole and entire, being without parts, in several parts of space simultaneously, they must share in this conceivable though wholly unimaginable relation to time, and consequently a second may be exceedingly long to them, and ten thousand years exceedingly short. Now it is absurd to maintain that these “thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls,” should be the product of divisible matter. No entity could

⁸ It must not be supposed that what can be conceived can be imagined. If that were so, man and brute would be essentially one. The imagination is an organic faculty, having the brain for its material organ. The intellect is a spiritual faculty, *in se* independent of all organs. In this life imagination and intellect are functionally but not essentially dependent on each other or correlated.

⁹ 2 St. Peter iii. 8.

produce them unless it were like themselves simple, indivisible, spiritual, eternal, unconditioned by space and time, capable of taking in and possessing in some way the Infinite. No entity can act in a manner essentially superior to its own nature.

Again, it can be urged, if we had won our way to the front by the process of natural selection or survival of the fittest, all our activity would be the outcome of that potential matter, and as one amiable infidel puts it, vice and virtue would be products in the same way as vitriol and sugar are. Here, most evidently the evolution theory again breaks down. Nothing can root out of mortal man his sense of right and wrong. He perceives as long as he has the *mens sana* that right doing is meritorious, that wrong doing is culpable. This is not the mere sense or feeling of shame which we share with brutes as having a sentient nature, but an intellectual perception by which we certainly know (whether we feel it or not, and very often there is no feeling in the matter) that we deserve praise or reward, or on the other hand disgrace or penalty. Professor Tyndall, whose honesty in exposing to view the weak points of his own and some of the strong points of his opponents' position is most praiseworthy, says that with Kant two things fill him with awe, the starry heavens and the sense of responsibility in man. Unless we close with scepticism, a system full of patent absurdities paralyzing the intellect and stultifying itself (*mentita est iniquitas sibi*),¹⁰ the absolute distinction which our minds judge to exist between moral good and bad shows that an essential difference separates them, and that we are free agents as far as morality is concerned, which could not be the case were we the result of inherited differentiation and material adaptations, that is of selections and survivals due to a favourable organization.¹¹

These instances will, I believe, suffice to demonstrate that true as the law of continuity may be within certain limits, it cannot be applied to all being, and among others, not to the soul of man. It is not the one principle which correlates all known entities. At the most it is but a cosmic law which prevails among certain modes and categories of things. I venture to say the truth with respect to it is, that it has to do with states of being when established, but that such

¹⁰ Psalm xxvi. 12.

¹¹ For other proofs and amplifications on this point and preceding, see December number, art. "Professor Tyndall at Birmingham."

states are not by any means always evolved continuously from previous states. Beyond and above this law in any form, no matter how amalgamated with other scientific ideas, we must push our investigation, if we would attain to that harbour of truth where we may cast anchor for ever, no matter how the storm of doubt and despair may howl without.

What the one idea or scheme in its scientific or philosophic aspect is which correlates all created things, I think it is impossible for any human intellect in this life to discover. But we know the final cause of everything and hence we know why we and all "were formed at all." There is but one end that can be conceived, and that is that everything according to its nature should serve, praise and glorify the infinite Being Who made it. *Celi enarrant gloriam Dei.*¹² And we reasonable and free creatures "whether we eat or drink, or whatever else we do, should do all for the glory of God."¹³

Looking inside of ourselves and outside on the endless phenomena that present themselves, we feel an insatiable longing to find out the Cause of all, we cannot rest without knowing how we and the world came to be. We did not cause ourselves to spring into existence, nor did any of our ancestors start the race, for they were like us produced. The world did not make us, for it is a lifeless thing, and huge as it is, we are superior to it, for we are living, knowing moral agents, capable of looking behind and before and round about us. We did not make the world or ourselves, nor did it make us or itself. We see that neither it nor we are necessary beings, and that it well could have been, without any confusion of thought, that we never came into existence. And if the present state of things is the product of a previous state, how did that previous state arise? Going backwards through the series, if in the end we came to nothing, we must have infallibly gone astray, for by a little consideration we see that if at any period nothing existed, then nothing ever could have been. *Ex nihilo nihil.* If we find ourselves going on through an infinite series without ever coming to a beginning, then our minds have lost their bearings, and we are without compass or helm, adrift on a starless sea of absurdities. The best answer to the sophisms that may be urged is, that the healthy mind finds no rest in attaching itself to this chain. If it believes in evolution, it can see no reason why, on this supposition, the universe should be still perfecting itself, for it has had

¹² Psalm xviii. 2.¹³ 1 Cor. x. 31.

already eternity to perform the operation. It sees that it no near link is a sufficient explanation, neither is an indefinitely remote link or series of links all of the same finite and transient nature. It sees that it would have to accept greater and less infinities of number with all concomitant absurdities; so again it casts off and sails away to seek the "golden harbour" far from "seas of Death and sunless gulfs of Doubt." It finds it at last in the deepest of all deep thoughts, a thought, the contemplation of which might with exhaustless profit occupy it for ever. To account for all visible things, which it perceives might or might not be without any absurdity, there must be some being who could not not-be, who necessarily is, whose nature it is to be from itself, uncaused, eternal. The essence of the first cause is therefore being, pure perfect being, not this or that mode of derived being, but *esse purum et a se, ipsum esse per se subsistens*. Now being in itself is infinite, for a limit is the same as non-being, but that whose essence is to be must be pure being and therefore an infinite ocean of infinite actualities. In that being there is no potentiality, no capacity for development. This is what Aristotle meant by saying that God is a pure act, that is a being in respect to duration, life, power, knowledge, and goodness having nothing undetermined or undeveloped, no past, no future (time being a mere relation wholly *outside* the duration of a permanent being) a being having the full and simultaneous possession of an infinite and eternal life.¹⁴

¹⁴ Lord Bacon (*Advancement of Learning*, p. 141. Bohn) says—"Aristotle is more culpable than Plato, as banishing God, the fountain of final causes, and substituting nature in His stead." The Editor gives the following interesting note on this passage—"From the text it must not be judged that Aristotle invested nature with the general powers usually attributed to a Divine intelligence, in designing and executing her various ends with wisdom and precision, but only that he regarded nature as an active and intelligent principle performing her agencies by means palpable to herself, yet according to the laws and faculties conferred upon her by the prime mover of things. The Spinozist principle which the text attributes to the Stagyrte has been understood by many critics of the sensational school to intimate that Aristotle was of their way of thinking, though the idea of an independent material intelligence is expressly contradicted by numerous passages in his *Metaphysics*. In bk. xii. cap. v. of the works which go under this name, the principal being is held to exclude the idea of matter from His nature: *ἐτι τοίνυν ταύτας δεῖ οὐσίας εἶναι ἀνευ ὕλης· αἰδιόους γὰρ δεῖ κ.τ.λ.*; and (*Ibid.* viii.) *τὸ δὲ τί ἦν εἶναι οὐκ ἔχει ὕλην τὸ πρῶτον· ἐντελέχεια γάρ*. In cap. vii. he affirms this principle to be spirit—*ἀρχὴ ἢ νόσις*; that matter cannot move of itself, but needs the action of an exterior agent—*οὐ γὰρ ἡ γε ὕλη κινήσει αὐτὴ ἑαυτὴν, ἀλλὰ τεκτονική* and that this principle must be eternal and active—*Αἰδιον καὶ οὐσία καὶ ἐνέργεια οὐσα*. Aristotle further proceeds to show that all other beings are only a species of means

Having found what we sought for we can strengthen ourselves in our position by numberless other considerations. We have in our minds ideas of things which of their own nature are infinite. I do not mean to say that we positively see their infinitude, but we see that no limit can be put to certain positive ideas, not mere negations, in our intellects. Such ideas are duration, immensity, good, true, just, being. As Butler has it, these abstracts, as much as any other, imply a concrete, and that objective reality is none other than the one infinite God.

The most advanced infidel does not maintain that the nebulous mass, whose outcome the universe is, was uncaused. They whose war-cry is cause and effect, total effect equals total cause and *vice versa*, can play fast and loose sufficiently with their intellects to call its cause the unknown and unknowable, a stream of tendency, &c., but they cannot so completely stultify their own teaching as to say, that the thing was uncaused, or that there is no need of postulating a cause. But the mind of man will never be satisfied with their mystifying shuffling. It *will* decide that there is a first cause, and since no effect can in any way surpass the total cause, that first cause must have *suo modo* whatever exists in its effect, intelligence, will, beauty, power,

transmitting the motion to others which has been communicated to them, but that this primary being, possessing the spring of motion in itself, moves without being moved; illustrating this kind of action by the emotions and deeds that spring from the love, pity, or hatred that agents at rest excite in others. In another place he affirms that this being is not only eternal in duration but immutable in essence, and quite distinct from sensible things: *ὅτι γὰρ ἔστιν οὐσία τις αἰδῖος καὶ ἀκίνητος καὶ πεχωρισμένη τῶν αἰσθητῶν, φανερόν ἐκ τῶν εἰρημένων* and that heaven and nature hang upon its behests—*ἐκ τοιαύτης ἄρα ἀρχῆς ἤρτηται ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ φύσις*. He further shows that life belongs to it by essence, and as the action of intelligence is life, and *vice versa*, essential action constitutes the eternal life of this being. Aristotle then calls this independent principle God, and assigns to it endless duration: *φαμέν δὲ τὸν ΘΕΟΝ εἶναι ζῶν ἀίδιον ἄριστον*. 'It remains,' says the Stagyrte, 'to determine whether this principle be one or several; but upon this point we need only remember that those who have decided for a plurality have advanced nothing worthy of consideration in support of their belief.' *Ἀλλὰ μνησθῆναι καὶ τὰς τῶν ἄλλων ἀποφάσεις ὅτι περὶ πλῆθους οὐδὲ εἰρήκασι οὐ τι καὶ σαφὲς εἰπὴν* (*Ibid.* cap. viii.). 'For the principle of existence, or the immovable being which is the Source of all movement, being pure action, and consequently foreign to matter, is one in reason and in number. . . . All the rest is the creation of a mythology invented by politicians to advance the public interest and occupy the attention of mankind.' *Τὸ δὲ τί ἦν εἶναι οὐκ ἔχει ὕλην τὸ πρῶτον ἐντελέχεια γάρ* (*Supp. Notes*, i.). *Ἐν μὲν ἄρα καὶ λόγῳ καὶ ἀριθμῷ τὸ πρῶτον κινεῖν ἀκίνητον* (*Ibid.* cap. viii.). *Τὰ δὲ λοιπὰ μυθικῶς ἤδη προσήχθη πρὸς τὴν περὶ τῶν πολλῶν καὶ πρὸς τὴν εἰς τοὺς νόμους καὶ τὸ σύμμερον χρῆσιν* (*Ibid.*). We may note here too Bacon's superficial knowledge of Aristotle's doctrine."

wisdom, goodness. The mind can put no limit to the stupendous might and delicacy, wisdom, and benevolence of that cause, and is therefore compelled to pronounce it limitless or infinite. It will be objected that if the first cause contain all that appears in the effect, then sin and sorrow and suffering must be in it, and so it must be a something to which contradictories are indifferent, the unknowable of Messrs. H. Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall. The solution of this difficulty is that evil is either a want or a non-essential relation of a substance, but nothing positive or substantial in itself. Physical defects such as blindness are not being, but want of being. Physical pain is but a relation of a conscious substance, moral evil is a mere relation of an intellectual substance, which is *in se*, or naturally great and good. God is one infinite substance. There are no accidental qualities in Him, no defects. Therefore, these evils have no correlatives in Him.

Every man whose mind and body are in a fairly healthy state is conscious of an interior voice, which imperatively commands him to avoid evil and to do good. If he disobeys this command in a serious matter he becomes ashamed, sorrowful, frightened, though no mortal eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into any other heart to conceive what he has done. This is the voice of God speaking to us through the eternal law of right and wrong, which is engraved on our hearts.

Turn we, then, inside or outside, look we behind or before, above or below us, we find proofs and corroborations of proofs of the existence of an infinite and righteous God. In this conclusion from all manner of observations and speculations, all mankind have always substantially agreed. This agreement comes out more clearly the more it is impartially and thoroughly investigated. Thus we see the judgments of the speculative reason are confirmed by common sense in a matter of the greatest moment to all, and for which all have reliable faculties and numberless *data* to work with. The more these proofs are brooded over, objected against, sifted in every way, the more will they sink into our hearts and make us feel that we live, move, and have our being in One Whose children we are and Whose law is virtue, Who will reward the good and punish the wicked, to every one according to his works.

Deists of the last and earlier centuries rejected or neglected Christianity because it was unnecessary. They recognized the

existence of God and the moral law, and hence they argued that revelation was superfluous. Among the few things which the infidels of to-day make clear in their metaphysical writings is the need for God to speak to us and reveal something more of what He is and what He would have us to do, besides what we can make out by unaided reason. The speculations of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, of Professors Huxley and Tyndall, of Messrs. H. Spencer and M. Arnold, make this superabundantly clear. They do not deny that God exists. They deny that we can know anything whatever of His nature. See how the unbelievers of one age expose the absurdities of those of another.

Let us inquire if God has revealed Himself to men more fully than by physical and moral phenomena. As God is Being, He is Truth, Wisdom, Goodness, Justice, Mercy, Beauty, "a gracious and a merciful God, patient, and of much compassion, and easy to forgive evil."¹⁵ All this and infinitely more He is. Is there on earth any system of belief and practice which is analogous to God and worthy of Him, capable, like Him, of being proved true, the proofs of which satisfy more thoroughly the more deeply they are investigated and multiply as they are brooded over? Is there any system which teaches all holiness, truth, justice, mercy, purity, self-sacrifice, forgiveness of wrong, all noble manliness? Is there any power which reverences all human beings, protects the weak against the unjust strong, frees men from all illegitimate authority, confirms them in all their inalienable rights as men, commands them to obey all lawful authority, lawfully exercising its prerogative? Is there any City of God whose foundations are immoveably fixed on the inexpugnable truths of human reason, the real capital of the world, legislating with mild but irresistible authority for Greek and Roman, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, yesterday, to-day, and for ever *semper et ubique eadem*, civilizing all races, colonizing all lands, the mother of saints and heroes, warriors, patriots, legislators, philosophers, poets, painters, musicians, their "guide, philosopher, and friend," developing all their noble capacities, correcting all degrading tendencies? In what teacher of men does Truth shine so steadily, so universally, and so brightly as to attract seekers of it of every shade of thought, from every sphere of life, and from every nation of earth? Scientific men believe in gravitation and in æther, because these assumptions explain the complex phenomena of rectilinear,

¹⁵ Jonas iv. 2.

parabolic, and elliptical motions, and "by what way is the light spread and heat divided upon the earth."¹⁶ Where, and where only, shall I get the rational explanation of phenomena infinitely more delicate, more complex, more mysterious, than all the material universe put together—nay, which alone explains the ultimate causes of all phenomena? Who or what will give me straightforward and satisfactory answers to the mysteries of man's moral nature, his consciousness of freedom, and consequently of responsibility, the conclusions of his intellect, the longings of his heart, his joys and sorrows, his greatness and degradation, his success and failure, the great deeds of martyrs, confessors, virgins, penitents, heroes in every age, in every clime; where is the reality behind the phenomena which will explain these and infinite others—an explanation which will convince the widest and keenest intellects that it alone is the only possible solution? The one answer to all these questions is, the Church of God, One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic.

We, who belong to her, see her illuminated by the sun of faith, and have our wills warmed and strengthened by its heat; but those who seek to be admitted to that miraculous light and heat, must travel in the dim but sufficient light of reason, for our Church is the Church of common sense and of reason, the necessary antecedents and foundations of supernatural faith. From Adam and Noah, through Abraham and Moses and David, from Jesus Christ, the God-Man, through Apostles and martyrs, from St. Peter and the Popes of the Catacombs through the great Popes who civilized Europe, down to him whose moral grandeur has extorted the admiration of the bitterest foes of the Church—history, philosophy, morality, sanctity, heroism, common sense, teem with proofs to all men of goodwill, that in the Catholic Church we may rest and be free, and, knowing whence we come and whither we go, and what we have to do, may investigate boldly and ponder deeply and penetrate everlastingly all natural and supernatural problems, being full sure that no real discovery, no deduction without flaw, can ever contradict one iota of the truths which God has revealed, and of which the Church is the God-appointed keeper and interpreter.

It is really absurd for men to think, that because they find out the surprising ways in which material nature works, they are justified in concluding there is no other way of working or no other

¹⁶ Job xxxviii. 24.

class of laws than such as the telescope and microscope and scalpel and hammer and battery and all the apparatus of the inductive philosophy set them on the road to discover. Endless analogies no doubt exist between all God's ways in the material and spiritual economy. He tells us that "all things are double one over against another."¹⁷ We discover by observation and experiment how He works in the material universe, but how can we see Him at work in the spiritual? That He works analogously by general laws it may be; but similarity and identity are very different things.

We do not cut ourselves adrift from the great minds of the past who have solved so many physical and mathematical problems; why do we treat the metaphysical giants of yore so unreasonably? We are not collecting *data* to explain the nature of the motions of the solar system; why should we bring under observation as totally unexplored regions all phenomena of man's intellectual, moral, and religious nature? We should, I think remember that the world is not young, but very old; that for thousands of years minds greater than ours have been employed at this very induction; that the inferences therefrom have satisfied such men as Job, Solomon, Aristotle, Plato, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Shakespeare, Copernicus, Bacon, Galileo, Milton, Kepler, Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, Suarez, Butler, Bosovich, Ampère, Faraday, Dupanloup, and Newman, all of whom proclaim the existence of an infinite God, and the spirituality and real morality of man. We should remember, too, that it is not on physical science alone and its canons that man lives mentally, but on all science, and that all must work together if we would attain to truth. If investigations which lead to intellectual and moral restraints are shunted from the line of certainty, because they are instinctively hated, then indeed we may have a compact and well-trimmed philosophy, but like a malicious epigram, half true at its best, and full of poison and bitterness in its applications.

W. S.

¹⁷ Eccclus. xlii. 25.

Historical Geography in the Seventeenth Century.

PART THE SIXTH.

OUR readers are perhaps not quite tired of the seventeenth-century traveller, whose manuscript records of his observations of the various European nations we have from time to time set before them. We think it well, therefore, to conclude the series of our extracts with his remarks upon Spain—a country which, as he frankly avows, he takes upon hearsay, never having travelled there himself. We may perhaps, at some future time, make some extracts from his printed work on Italy.

He begins as usual with the praises of Spain :

As for Spain, I confess ingenuously, I never saw it except in map and books, and therefore I must here speak of it by hearsay and histories only.

And first its circuit is said to be 1,893 English miles.

It is rich in sack, sugar, oils, metal, liquorice, rice, silk, wool, rosin, steel, oranges, lemons, raisins. But not so much in corn and meat, the two props of life. They have good sauces and salads, but want our good bread and beef to eat with them : yet the bread they have here is exquisite good.

The French slight Spain, saith Mr. Howel, yet the Spaniards may answer that they drink better wine than the French, eat better fruits, wear better cloth, have better swords, and are better mounted than they.

Their wine is excellent sack. Their fruits are olives, figs, oranges, &c. Their cloth excellent, Segovia wool. Their blades, true Bilbaos. Their horses, Spanish Jennets.

In some parts of Spain there are gold mines, at least there were in Hannibal's time, and Mariana tells that fire being cast into the woods standing upon the Pyrenean mountains towards Spain's side, little brooks of silver were seen to run down.

The valleys in Spain are very fruitful, which makes the Spaniards brag, that *No ay cosa mala en Espana sino lo que habla*—"There is nothing bad in Spain but what speaks."

The air is purely good in Spain, especially at Madrid, where filth thrown out of the windows at night becomes dust in the morning, and is presently dried up.

Spain is not troubled with inconstant and fantastical weather as France is. When it is summer, it is summer indeed. And the men here are like their country, equal and constant.

Spain may brag that it has the best house, the greatest bridge, the best benefice, the greatest subjects, the greatest kingdom, and the greatest treasure of any state in Christendom.

The greatest house: to wit, the Escorial, built in Castile by Philip the Second, and built in form of a gridiron, in memory of a battle won by him on St. Laurence's day. It hath twelve quadrangles in it, and cost twenty millions of gold. It puts down the best house in Europe; and indeed it is the true nonsuch of palaces. It hath a rich church, a rich library, a rich convent in it, and as good pictures in it as Europe can show. It is about half a day's journey from Madrid.

The best bridge: for the Spaniards have a bridge upon which ten thousand sheep graze daily. To wit, the ground over the river Guadiana, where it sinks down and losing itself it runneth underground fifteen miles and then pops up again.

The best benefice: to wit, the Archbishopric of Toledo, which hath a hundred thousand crowns in yearly revenue. Cardinal Sandoval is now Archbishop of this place, and doth match it right. For he hath as charitable and liberal a mind, as he hath a vast benefice, and God (I believe) for His greater glory hath placed him upon this theatre, that he may have the Can to do what he always had the Will to do. All Italy spoke of his charities whilst he lived there, and now all Spain feels them.

The greatest subjects: to wit, so many Viceroyes of India, Naples, Sicily. So many great Governors, as Flanders, Milan, &c. So many grandees putting on their hats in the King's presence. So many generals of armies, governors of provinces, towns, castles and citadels, which if they were all together would make a great army of officers.

The greatest kingdom: to wit, having so many kingdoms united together in Spain, and a new world or two at the end of them, lately found out and possessed by them.

The greatest treasure: to wit, the Plate fleet bringing home yearly such a revenue as no prince hath, this having roots and growing yearly, which makes Lipsius call the King of Spain, *Omnium Crassorum Crassum*. And he that would see a rich place indeed, must see the merchants' house in Seville called *La Casa de la Contraction de las Indias*, where the Plate fleet unloadeth. Whereupon this town is so much improved by licking its fingers after it hath touched the Indian gold, that it has grown both fat and fair. As fat, it payeth a million yearly unto the King; as fair, it hath begotten a proverb: *Qui non ha vista Sevilla, non ha vista maravilla*.

This treasure, these kingdoms, these great subjects have made the Spanish monarchy so vast that Abraham Orbelius affirms it to be as great as anciently the Roman Empire was; and another brags that the sun never ceaseth to shine on the Spanish Empire, in one part or other.

A poet goeth further and applieth Virgil's compliment to Augustus, unto the King of Spain, saying :

Jupiter in coelis, in terris regnat Iberus
Divisum imperium cum Iove Iberus habet.

In fine the King of Spain may be said to be married to Fortune, and that she brought with her, for her portion, new worlds.

Madrid is the Court of the King, and made a fine town of a village by the King's presence. For good air is it, which made the King in love with it. Next unto it is Seville, of which above. Then Toledo, famous for its good bishopric, seventeen councils held in it, and for its rare aqueduct made by ingenious Janellus Turianus, who brought the water of Tagus up unto the highest part of the town, and thence scattered it into several quarters of the town. Segovia is famous for having no poor in it, but those that are without hands. Its excellent wool sets every man awork, and makes them all fall to clothing.

The language of Spain is far easier than French, and, as one saith, they differ so much as logic and philosophy. A Spaniard saith that Spanish, Italian, and French were spoken in Paradise, and that God commanded in Spanish, the devil persuaded Eve in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French.

The Spaniards have been famous heretofore both for war and learning.

For war. It was Saguntum, a Spanish town, which, to show its fidelity to the Romans, being pressed by Hannibal beyond all hope of succour, brought all it had that was good into the market-place, and setting fire to it, the inhabitants threw themselves into that fire, and left Hannibal nothing to triumph over but ashes. Numantia did almost the like with Scipio, who triumphed only over the name of it. And many of the inhabitants endured all extremities so stoutly that many of the slain soldiers were found with dead men's flesh in their pockets. And to leave higher antiquity for to come nearer unto our times. It was a Spaniard called Flectius, who being placed Governor of Coimbra by King Sanctius the Second, his lawful King, would never deliver the keys of that town to Alphonsus, who had put his brother Sanctius down, but held out bravely till he heard that Sanctius was dead : and then making a truce for some days and getting leave to go to Toledo, he there opened again the tomb of Sanctius and put the keys of Coimbra into his hands, saying : " Oh, King ! I deliver thee the keys of thy city, and free myself of that trust thou committedst to my charge." It was a Spaniard, by name Peresius Gusmanus, who having of his own accord received the command of Tariffa or Cartina, a stronghold won over the Moors, defended it bravely. For the Moors having by accident seized upon his son, they brought him before the walls of the town threatening the father, that unless he would deliver up the town unto them they would instantly kill his son. To whom the father from within answered that if they had a hundred sons of his, he

would rather suffer them all to be killed than depart from the trust reposed in him by his King, and withal added: *If ye have a mind to kill my son behold here a sword*: and in saying so, he threw his sword over the wall, and went to dinner. Whilst he dined, hearing a great outcry, he rose presently, and run out to the walls, asking what the matter was: and being told that the enemy had killed his son, *Is that all*, said he, *I thought the town was taken*, and so went away again to make an end of his dinner. At which courage his enemies being astonished, departed from before the town with confusion.

And they have been no less famous in these latter times. Witness Mondragonius, who with nine other Spaniards swam over the river Albis, with their swords in their mouths, in the sight of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and fetched from the other side of the river as many boats as were necessary for to strengthen a bridge the Emperor was then making to pass over his army, and this they did through the midst of a shower of their enemy's bullets.

Another brave Spaniard was Anthony Leva, who, as Monluc saith, "all impotent¹ as he was, got more victories in his chair or sedan than any other of his age did on horseback."

The Duke of Alva also was a great commander and had fought in Italy, Spain, France, Hungary, Flanders, and Africa. He was only sorry he had never been so happy as to join battle with the Great Turk. He was a most exact observer of military discipline. He spared always the boors, punished theft and plunder, preferred no man, but according to his merits, made common soldiers mount up to be captains and colonels, and paid well his army. His saying was: "If you chastise delinquents and recompense well deserving men, you will never want brave soldiers. If you spare the boors even in your enemy's country, you will never want provisions. If you pay your soldiers well you will have them most diligent and dutiful." In fine, it was the Duke of Alva who in fifty days' space subdued all Portugal, his soldiers being so little enriched thereby, that they murmured thereat, saying: "That they had gotten the Kingdom of Portugal just as men got the Kingdom of Heaven, that is by eating only bread and drinking water, and abstaining from other men's goods."

Nay, women too in Spain have been famous in these latter times for their valour. Twelve Spanish women being found dead in the battle of Newport in men's apparel, and in the front of the army, and with many honourable wounds in their breasts, breasts worthy to have given suck to Alexanders and Cæsars.

And to this day the Spanish infantry is so much esteemed, that it is generally observed that whosoever would ruin the Turkish Empire must compose an army of English mariners, French cavalry, and Spanish infantry. For this infantry is well disciplined, endures excellently the incommunities of war, obeys exactly its commanders, carries a full musket upon a rest, and shoots level, and scarce ever flies, and

¹ With the gout.

if it chance to give back a little and fly, one *volta facce* of its commander makes it rally again and come on afresh, as if it had not fled before, but were only stepped aside to fetch new breath and courage. Thus they rallied in the battle of Ravenna, and when the French thought they had been running away, they found two thousand of them rallied together, with their faces there where they thought they should have found their backs: and these fell upon the French, following in great disorder; then the others fled, and killed amongst the rest their brave General Gaston de Foix, who knew better to get victories than to use them, and had come off overcomer if he had but known when he had overcome.

But no conquests ever brought the Spaniards so much glory home as that of the Indies, which was done so speedily, that their victories seemed to be all *Alaba Victorie*, and all their soldiers Cæsars, whose very *seeing* and *coming* was an *overcoming*. The noble heroes who achieved these famous things were Almeida, Albuquerque, Cortesius, Vascus Gama, and divers others.

Neither did the Spaniards receive more profit from these Indies than they brought unto them. For if they found there gold and silver and precious stones, these are but the natural things, but they carried with them into the Indies supernatural profits, to wit, true faith and religion, besides many lesser profits, yet incomparably beyond what they found there, to wit, learning, reading, writing, civility, clothes, weights, measures, trades, and inventions of art. So that those poor people were happy in being overcome, and may justly say, indeed, what that Grecian said in a compliment, *Periissem ni periissem*.

The Spaniards also are famous for learning and learned men in all times. Anciently they furnished us Seneca, Quintilian, Lucian, Martial Pomponius, Abela Columella, Porcius Latro, and Justin.

In sacred knowledge Osius Cordubensis, Prudentius, Paulus Orosius Pacianus, Juvenius, Pope Damasus, Isidorus, and Justinianus.

In more modern times, Alphonsus Carthagera, Joannes Torremata, Arrias Montanus (who offered to make Lipsius if he would but have lived with him), Tostabus Abulensis, who wrote as many sheets of paper as he lived days, Ludovicus Vives, Raymundus Lullius, Ludovicus Granatensis, Gregorius di Valencia, Molmæ the Carthusian, Vasquez, and Suarez, and Bannez, and a world of schoolmen.

A great ornament of Spain in these latter times was Philip the Second, who loving the commonwealth better than his eldest son, gave him over to censure upon bad inclination discovered in him. And the young man lived not long after. The French historians say he was made away, and it may be it was so. Great also was the patience of this King; and what could not he endure, who endured to have his eldest son lopped off from him, who outdid that the Stoics would have their wise men to do? He seemed to have wrought himself not only into an *ataraxie*, a non-trouble of passions, but also into an apathy a non-feeling of passions, and that he had lost his feeling and sense before he lost

his son. For he let his son, his eldest son Charles (of whom he had an ill opinion) over to justice, as coldly as if he had been no more his, than his spittle and the paring of his nails (which came from him and yet were good for nothing but to be thrown away) were his. He received letters of the overthrow of his Great Armada in '88 just when he was seeing a great stone laid in the foundation of the *Escorial* and yet would not open his letters (of such importance) till the stone was laid. Then opening them, and finding the ill news of his navy's defeat, he replied only that he sent it to fight against men, not against winds and tempests, and so wished his courtiers to go with him to the Church to give God thanks for that the loss was no greater. He took also the contrary news of the victory of Lepanto with as much coldness, saying only to him who brought him the news: "That his brother Don John of Austria had ventured too much." Another time having written a long letter unto the Pope with his own hand on the night, and concerning earnest business, he called to his page that was nodding behind him, to throw the pin dust upon it. The page, half asleep, half awake, catching hold of the ink horn which was full of ink, without cotton, poured it upon the letter and so spoiled all; but King Philip, having advertised the boy of his negligence, calmly, without any more passion, called for new paper and wrote the letter over again. In fine, he was observed to stand fixedly without either stirring hand, foot, or eye during a long speech of an ambassador.

As for the humour of the Spaniard, it is a grave, sober, staidness in looks, a slowness in gait, and a discreet advisedness in his words. He looks before he leaps, thinks before he acts, and follows business close, but never overruns it. Having once laid his grounds with reason as he thinks, he drives them up to the head with great resolution and patience. He is naturally grave and pensive, which makes him more solid than flashy, and better for school divinity than poetry. Yet for all his slowness he answers well to the spur of honour, and is most sensible on that side which makes him scorn all trades almost, for to follow the trade of gentlemen and go to war.

As for his religion. It is Catholic, it is his King's title, and therefore his ambition to be thought a Catholic of weight and of the best character. And he takes religion so to heart, that he sacrifices many of his interests to it, and lost Holland because he would not suffer heresy in it.

The author's dispraise of Spain is remarkably in accordance with the verdict that has been passed upon the country in far more recent times. It is significant, also, to find a Catholic writer of two centuries ago pointing to the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscos, and to the immense importation of the precious metals from the Indies, as the cause of the decline of this once great country.

Hitherto we have seen the praises of Spain, now we will see what can be said against it;—and first, it wanteth the main thing for the maintenance of man's life—corn, and therefore is forced to fly to the assistance of her enemy France.

Hence Spain sends four millions a year into France to buy necessities, not delicacies, corn, not capers, meat, not sauce, which makes us see more Spanish pistoles in France than in Spain, Spain only coining them and carrying them presently into France for meat. Hence Henry the Fourth of France, to one praising the wealth of Spain, and showing how Spanish pistoles and reals were almost only seen in the French markets, answered, "Spanish money at home signifies abundance, abroad want and necessity. The Spaniards come to us, we go not to them. They give us not their money, but owe it to us as their creditors."

Mariana in his *History of Spain* speaketh of a drought in Spain, which lasted six and twenty years, insomuch as not one drop of rain fell in all that time, but all was parched, dried, killed. Rivers themselves fell short of the sea; sources withered, fountains stopped, cattle died, the ground gaped, men were forced to make bad cheer for want of pottage. It was undone with too much fair weather, and a summer of twenty-six years long had put all Spain in the oven and baked it to hard crust.

The same Mariana speaks in the same place of hurricanes which lasted in Spain for the space of five continual months together. Indeed, a country made biscuit of thirteen times over stood in need of no less steeping than that of five months, which turned all Spain into a sop.

The same also speaks of a great wind at Seville which took up a yoke of oxen and a plough into the air.

They brag in Spain of their gold mines in Andalusia, but as that ground which hath gold in it is ordinarily barren without (nature not being willing to gratify one soil with two of her best blessings), so Spain having much sun and gold, wanteth in many places corn and grass, and looketh like the Spaniard himself, who upon a cloth of gold doublet clappeth a frieze jerkin.

Hence travellers find Spain the most incommodious country to travel in of any in Europe. Except you carry your kitchen and cellar of wine about you at your side you may chance to keep many vigils without feasts.

Hence the French mock the Spaniard for picking his teeth in public and brushing his doublet at his door in the street, as if crumbs stayed there when his grumbling belly hath not come near a crumb for four and twenty hours before. So that he that will travel into Spain and expect to live at their ordinaries, had need be of the sect of philosophers called the Indifferents, who make it the same thing to fast and to feast, to eat radishes or partridges.

A merry Frenchman in the Court of Spain found the book of accounts of a courtier; there were found written thus—"Imprimis upon

Monday, for water two farthings ; it., for bread, four farthings ; it., for a radish, one," and so all the week till Sunday, where he found set down this item, "on Sunday nothing, because there were no radishes in the market."

In some places of Spain as you travel if you find meat in the market you shall find none in the inns to dress it. Mine host with his sword and dagger on will show you spits and pots, but he hath none to turn them. He will tell you he hath use of all his servants, and bid you turn your meat yourself. All that he can afford is oil and vinegar, a naughty bed, and a dear reckoning ; and you scandalize them if you put a whole hen upon one spit at once.

In Biscay you shall find hidalgos, men who think themselves better gentlemen than the King, and yet dwelling in long low houses where their cattle, swine, horses, servants, and themselves quarter all together in the same room, without wall or partition, yet they will have their trunks and chests with a suit or two to go to court in when they are called for.

But never did the poverty of Spain appear so much as when Frederick the Second, Elector of the Palatinate, with twenty gentlemen only in his train, went into Spain to see Charles the Fifth Emperor. When he came to Cernera (a town in Spain) he thought to have rested there all the next day, being Corpus Christi day, but the magistrates of the town came to him desiring him to continue his journey without staying there, alleging that his stay there would enhance the price of things in the market, and make all provisions grow scarce. Away then he went, and came by Gomorra, no bad town in Spain, and there being desirous to please himself with some of his accustomed and his own country diet, inquired of the host whether there were any butter to be found in that town, and hearing that there was, he commanded his steward to go and buy as much butter as would load a horse, which might serve him all the rest of his journey. The steward having inquired where it was that they sold butter, was brought to an apothecary's shop, where calling for butter the master of the shop asked him how much he would have. The steward answered, two hundred pound weight, if it be good. At which the apothecary in admiration cried out, "Sir, you will not find so much butter as that in all Castile," adding withal that the butter they had there was only for surgeons to soften their salves with, and not to eat. Which answer the steward having related to his master afforded him more matter of laughter than of gluttony, and made him think that this Gomorra might stand long enough before its abundance of meats and delicacies would destroy it.

In the country of Arragon, too, a man may go a whole day's journey without seeing a man or meeting anybody. Valencia, too, is much dispeopled. And it is of these countries that Balzac speaks when speaking of the dry, long, conceitless letters of a certain author (Cicero), he compares them to those countries in Spain where a man may travel

a whole day without seeing a house or man. And if France could but keep the Auvergnois and Limousins from stealing secretly into Spain, where they gain so well, the Spaniards would want most commodities which handicrafts afford, seeing almost all their carpenters, tailors, saddlers, rope-makers; vigneron, barbers, and even the very water-bearers at Madrid are all Frenchmen, who drink their good brandies and often return home rich.

As for the Spaniards themselves, they are for the most part little, lean, and dried up and parched, an argument of a lean and poor country. Balzac says that a man might carve three Spaniards out of one Switzer.

The cause of want of men in Spain, both to till and traffic, was the banishment of a hundred and seventy thousand families of Jews (amounting to eight hundred thousand persons) in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. And in the time of Philip the Third nine hundred thousand Moriscos were banished also. This dis furnished Spain much, and made it look thin of it ever since in matter of men. Again, the sending away of so many men into Flanders, Naples, Milan, Sicily, Indies, and all other places where the King of Spain keeps garrisons (he not trusting his castles and citadels but in the hands of natural Spaniards) hath been another occasion of dis furnishing Spain extremely. And whereas the Spaniards brag that they never serve under any prince but their own, the truth is that they have not men enough to lend to any other prince, and serve their own too.

Neither are the Spaniards so learned as they persuade themselves. They commonly want the Latin tongue, the very language of learning, and thereby are so let down that they appear ignorant in other countries. Vargas, president of a council in Flanders, expostulating one day with the doctors of Louvain who urged their privileges, answered: "*Nos non curamus vestros privilegios,*" and again complaining of the Flemings, he said on another occasion: "*Heretici fraxerunt templa, boni nihil faxerunt contra: ergo debent omnes patibulari.*" And the Pope, after the Council of Trent was ended, inquiring what man had most appeared in the Council for learning, and hearing that it was a Spanish Bishop, sent for him to Rome, and leading him one day to the Castle of St. Angelo asked him many questions in Latin touching the fortifications and strengthening of that place, to which the Spaniard answering stammeringly, and in bad Latin, the Pope turned about to some Cardinals and said: "This cannot be so learned a man as they said." And if the Spanish Ambassador (who presented him to the Pope) had not found some new discourse whereby to amuse the Pope, the good Bishop (who was excellently learned in Divinity) would have shamed himself quite.

As for the Spaniard's humour, it is a little too vainglorious. He will ordinarily say that he is a better man than the King whom he will familiarly call "*Burachio,*" and "*Flamengo.*"² I have known some in

² Drunkard, and Fleming.

travelling, who having lost a horse-shoe, and calling for a smith to set it on again, were bidden stay awhile; and then the smith putting on his cloak and sword, came out to them and bidding one of the gentlemen hold his horse's foot up himself, with the side of his cloak turned over his shoulder and his sword on, he shod the horse scornfully, yet took money for it willingly. It was an odd piece of vanity of Ferdinand Avila, who being besieged by the Count of Bossa in the Castle of Vorecht, was content "to consign" the place over to him, but not to "deliver" or "yield" it up to him. Upon which terms and words, they had been long at debate. Avila protesting he would rather lose his life than yield it: and yet he would consign it over to him, so grammatically precise are Governors of Castles. Neither doth this vanity reign only in soldiers and noblemen. Barclay tells of a cobbler who dying and being asked by his son, of the same profession, what commands he would leave him dying, answered: "Nothing, child, but only that thou wouldst remember to carry thyself worthy of thy family." Not unlike to this was that of a Spanish woman begging with three children, who being offered by a Frenchman to take one of her children off her arms and make him be kept carefully till he had learned some trade, answered: "God forbid that I should so abase my son; what do either you or I know what he is born to, or what brave exploits he may do for his country's service. No, I would rather he should die with hunger than serve."

As for the Spaniard's brag, that they have filled all Europe with gold out of the Indies, I may say with Tobias' wife: *Utinam non fuisset illa pecunia*—for these double pistoles have taken away much of Christian simplicity and have cost the lives of so many innocent Indians that Balzac says, that there comes not a pistole into Europe, but it hath first cost the life of an Indian, and having cost so much blood in India it is converted into blood in Europe, and arms Christian against Christian, so that the first coffers of gold that came out of the Indies seem to me to have had the same effect as the coffer had which having stood long in the temple of Apollo in Seleucia, and being opened by soldiers, let out such an infected air that almost all the earth was infected with it, and the third part of men and beasts were killed with it.

Yea, yea, it is this Indian gold which, like the coffer of poison of a wicked Emperor (which being cast into the sea poisoned the whole sea for miles together) which so infected all Europe with riots, corrupt judgments, rapine, murders, robberies, piracy, deoboistness, vanities and usury that he that brought into Europe the first Plate fleet out of the Indies deserved to be judged a public enemy to the State, as Attinius Asiaticus was by the Athenians for bringing home gold out of India into Peloponnesus whereby to corrupt the Grecians.

But among many disorders which Indian gold hath breathed into Europe, none is so apparent as that of gaming, which with gold is grown to be a general vice in all countries, and almost among all men.

Heretofore, in the memory of our ancestors there were those who were so passionately bewitched with gaming, that they staked at dice their teeth and played for one another's eyelids; nay, a Venetian staked his wife at play; another dying commanded that dice should be made of his bones and teeth; yet these were but few and rare examples of wickedness. But now-a-days dicing and carding are grown so common in all countries and so practised by almost all sorts of persons that gentlemen throw away their estates at play, ladies their most precious time and money, lacqueys and servants their consciences by cozening and cheating. Indeed, Aristotle compares and joineth dice-players with thieves and robbers; and the Spaniards call a gamester "Tahur," and a thief "Hurta," so that a thief in Spanish is an anagram of a gamester, and showeth how easily great gamesters become great thieves. Now, if Spanish gold hath filled Europe with gamesters, it hath not failed first to infect the Spaniards who are the greatest gamesters in Europe. This all travellers know who in many places of Spain can find no meat nor drink, but can come nowhere but they find cards to be sold. Hence, a certain courtier having begged of the King of Spain that he alone might sell cards, became in a short time so rich therewith, that now the King himself is fallen to that trade and by making cards for a penny a pair and selling them for six-pence gaineth yearly more by that one trick at cards than all the gamesters by their other tricks.

And as great gamesters are always covetous, the love of money making them even throw it away, that it may bring back more, so the Spaniards have showed so much covetousness in the Indies that an Indian taking up a wedge of gold cried out: "Behold, here, this is the God of the Spaniards."

And as one vice draws in another after, so covetousness is often waited on by cruelty. And the Spaniards have been so much accused of cruelty not only in Flanders, but especially in the Indies, that they made the very name of Christian stink in the noses of the poor Indians. Nay, the frequent murders committed in the Indies by the Spaniards drew such a hatred upon Christianity itself, that Dominicus Bannes a learned Doctor of Salamanca and a Spanish Dominican writing in Sum. ii. quæst. 3, art. 2, maketh this question: Whether a man may deny himself to be a Christian or no? And concludeth that in some cases a man may. As for example, saith he, an Italian religious man or friar being taken by the Indians, and examined whether he were a Christian or no (at that time when the Spaniards used such cruelties there) he might have either denied it or said nothing, seeing they took a Christian for a murderer, a Spaniard, a ravenous cruel man, and thought all Christians to be Spaniards and murderers. So that by saying that he was no Christian—that is no Spaniard, no murderer, he would not have offended until the Indians had been better informed and instructed that all Christians were not murderers and Spaniards. A nice case, I confess, but showing the cruelty of the Spaniards,

especially being delivered by a Spanish Doctor and prime Reader of Salamanca.

Honest Lipsius saith that in the Isle of Cuba and Lucaia where heretofore there were some five or six hundred thousand men, there are not now fifteen thousand men; being mowed down, saith he, like corn in the field by the Spaniards. But none toucheth this point so to the quick as Bartolomeo de las Casas, a good Spanish Bishop, once confessarius to Charles the Fifth Emperor, surnamed the "Indian Advocate," because he pleaded and stood always for the poor Indians against those ravenous commanders his own countrymen. This Bishop was an eye-witness of what he writes; and out of zeal and piety he wrote to the King of Spain to inform him of the cruelty of his officers. In which writing he tells that in the Isle of Espagnola of three millions of Indians, there remained not twenty men. They killed cruelly, saith he (speaking of the Spaniard) "mas da doze quentos," above twelve millions. "They made no more account," saith he, "of their souls, which are immortal as well as ours, than if they were beasts. And yet they were incomparably better than the Spaniards in honesty and moral virtue," said he. Again he addeth: "The poor Indians have your Majesty and have God in horror by reason of the misery which they suffer under pretext of religion, they praised their idols, under whom they enjoyed such sweetness and meekness." The same author writes there, how that the Spaniards fed their dogs with man's flesh, that is with the flesh of poor Indians, and hunted them to death with dogs; thinking it a poor hunting day wherein they had not killed ten or twenty "Vellacos." He tells of many other cruelties too shameful to relate, but that which argueth most that cruelty, was that which he telleth of an Indian who being exhorted to die a Christian that he might go presently to Heaven, asked whether there were any Spaniards in Heaven or no, and being told that there were, answered that he would not be baptized for fear of going to Heaven and meeting Spaniards there. All this and much more, Bartolomeo de las Casas, a Spaniard himself, writes of the Spaniards, and in writing it did his country much honour by showing to the world that if some Spaniards were cruel in the Indies, others withstood them, pleaded against them, defended the poor Indians, wrote to the King in their defence and against those that wronged them. Let none, therefore, blame a whole nation for the faults of some, seeing faults are personal, and there are good and bad of all nations.

The French accuse the Spaniards for aiming at universal monarchy in Europe, and Queen Elizabeth having warned King James to take heed of the Spaniards' friendship, was answered by him, "that he expected no other courtesy from the Spaniard, but Polyphemus his courtesy to Ulysses, to wit to be the last devoured."

One bragged³ in the behalf of Spain, that the King of Spain had more kingdoms than the French King had provinces, more navies than

³ *Le chevalier Savoyard*, a book so called.

he had ships, more nations than he had cities, more generals than he had captains, more captains than he had soldiers. And yet one Frenchman (Cardinal Richelieu, whom I knew well) had brought such a confusion to the Crown of Spain that he made it forget universal monarchy for to defend itself. For whereas the King of Spain, Philip the Second, called Paris (the chief town of France) *sa ville de Paris*—"his town of Paris," Richelieu shaped the Spaniards such work that at his death he had not only purged France of all Spanish humours, but had even shaken the very throne of Spain, and made the Crown totter. For Catalonia revolted, had opened the fore door of Spain to invasion, and Portugal the back door. Gravelines, Dunquerque, Fume, Mardike, Courtray, and Arras had put Flanders to the defensive. The revolt of Naples had cut the King of Spain's purse for some years. The House of Austria had work enough of its own to imp again the feathers of its eagle, which the late Swedish wars had broken and ruffled. Holland by sea had endamaged it so exceedingly that its Plate fleet was still half theirs, as now the Portuguese had also divided with him the Indies. And for Milan and Sicily, the strongholds of Casal and Pignerol and Susa opened the French a passage to the first, and the revolt of Naples facilitated the enterprize of the second. Thus Spain stood (if tottering be standing) when Richelieu died.

But it is now time for me to draw bridle, having thus travelled over a great part of Europe, and I thought to have done it here, but I cannot omit to set down here for a conclusion the ingenious observation of Mr. Howel, concerning the antipathy of the French and Spaniards, who, though divided from one another by a little river only, yet are so different in humour, garbs, clothes, and all things else almost, as if they were antipodes to one another, and had all the earth betwixt them. For first, the French are all active and quick, the Spaniards all heavy and dull. The French all quicksilver, the Spaniards all lead. The French are discursive, the Spaniards thoughtful and musing. The French Epimethei, the Spaniards Promethei. The French are full of holes, and can as well keep hot coals in their mouths as a secret; the Spaniards are so close that all the drugs of Egypt will not make him utter what he hath in him. The French wear long hair, the Spaniards short. The French will go thin, in cut doublets, open sleeves, lining doublets; the Spaniards go shut up close and lodged behind a great bombasted doublet. The French strive to go high-heeled, the Spaniards low-heeled. The French strive to make their feet appear two inches longer than they are, the Spaniards strive to make theirs as short as they can. The French have their breeches wide at knees, the Spaniards theirs close at knees. The French have their cloaks somewhat short, the Spaniards wear theirs long. The French put on their doublets last, the Spaniards put on theirs first. The French begin to button their doublets from the neck downwards, the Spaniards button from the belly upwards. The French carry a comb in their pockets to comb their heads before they enter into

a visit, the Spaniards carry a little baize to wipe the dust off his shoes withal before he enters into visits. The French wear a taffeta doublet, with a cloth pair of breeches, the Spaniards a taffetas pair of breeches with a cloth doublet. The French in necessity pawn their cloaks first, the Spaniards pawn their shirts first before anything else. The French put water to their wine, the Spaniards wine to their water. The French eat their pottage first, the Spaniards eat their pottage last. The French eat their boiled meat first, the Spaniards their roast meat first, and then their boiled meat. The French talk and eat, the Spaniards lie close at it in silence. The French walk fast, as if he had a pursuivant following him; the Spaniards walk slowly, as if he were come out of a quartan ague. The French walk in clusters if they be many together, the Spaniards in the street walk two and two together, as if they were in procession. The French lacqueys march behind their masters, the Spaniards before their masters. The French in their combats or duels strip themselves to the shirt, the Spaniards rather put on more clothes, and among the rest a good coat of mail, and so go fortified to the field. The French, in fine, are like the wind in the fable, all blustering and violent; the Spaniards, like the sun in the fable, go stealingly but surely. Yet one thing I admired often that these two people, so different in these and many other things, should for all that agree so perfectly in the very same sentiments of religion, same articles of faith, same hierarchy, same liturgy, same religious orders, and the very same ceremonies to a tittle and point. This seemed to me to be an evident argument that the Catholic religion cometh from God, and is imposed upon men by more than a human hand, seeing the French and Spaniards, who in all human things imposed upon them by man disagree so much, and only agree so unanimously in religion, *Quod in pluribus unum invenitur non est erratum, sed traditum.*⁴

⁴ Tertul. *De Prescript.*

The Lives of SS. Callistus and Hippolytus.

A CONJECTURAL CHAPTER OF CHURCH HISTORY.

PART THE SECOND.

THE appointment of St. Callistus to the high post of Pope's deacon, with its charge of the cemetery and of the alms, and its high jurisdiction over the clergy, is the best proof, if any were wanting, that there was nothing disgraceful in his antecedent history. It shows that his deportation to Sardinia was regarded by the new Pope and the Roman clergy in general as a true confessorship, and it shows that he must have fulfilled satisfactorily the clerical duties intrusted to him at Antium. Otherwise the choice of a poor and friendless freedman to such place in the midst of the venerable Roman clergy is quite inexplicable. That no voice was raised against him we may be sure, for Hippolytus would not have left it unrecorded; and for the same reason we may assume that, with the sole exception of Hippolytus himself, Callistus was elected Pope by the unanimous voice of the Roman clergy. Maintaining him to be a heretic and therefore no Pope, Hippolytus will not speak of him as elected, but he uses instead the invidious phrase, "After the death of Zephyrin he thought that he had obtained what he was hunting for." Still, he disdains the falsehood of alleging an opposition that did not exist; and indeed he plainly says, speaking of the doctrine of St. Callistus, "all assented to his dissimulation, but not so we."

One more accusation brought by Hippolytus against Callistus while St. Zephyrin was Pope, we may notice before we pass to those he charges against him in the time of his Pontificate. He bribed St. Zephyrin, he says, who was "a lover of gifts and greedy of money." At all events it was not with his own money that the bankrupt slave, who during the last reign had been himself supported by alms, could have bribed the Pope. Is it a simple falsehood that Hippolytus tells? That is not likely, but it is one of his usual angry misrepresentations.

Through the chief deacon's hands passed all the alms collected from the faithful, and we must conclude that the Pope was contented with the diligence and ability of his deacon in a complicated piece of administration. St. Cornelius thirty years later described the condition of the Roman Church at that time with great minuteness, and as his words give an admirable idea of the work that formed a part of the duties of Callistus as the Pope's deacon, we insert the whole passage as it occurs in his letter to Fabius of Antioch.¹ "Novatian did not know that there must be one bishop in the Catholic Church. Yet he knew (for how could he be ignorant of it) that in it there are six and forty priests, seven deacons, and the same number of subdeacons, acolytes two and forty, exorcists and lectors, with doorkeepers, fifty-two; and lastly, widows with the sick and the poor more than fifteen hundred: to all of whom the grace and goodness of God supplies food. And yet this great and necessary multitude, this body numerous and wealthy in the riches of Divine Providence, with an immense and almost innumerable people, could not deter him from this desperate audacity or recall him to the Church." In these words, which would have been as appropriate if spoken by Callistus of Hippolytus as by Cornelius of Novatian, we see the magnitude of the administration of the temporalities of the Roman Church at that period. Provision had to be made for the maintenance of a body of clergy numbering over a hundred and fifty, and of poor ten times that number. That St. Zephyrin should have been anxious that the collections made by the faithful for this purpose should be abundant, is not surprising, and in Callistus he had an able and successful administrator. More was not required, when invidiously viewed, to justify the statement that St. Zephyrin was covetous, and that St. Callistus filled his hand with gifts or bribes.

If now we pass to the accusations brought by Hippolytus against Callistus as Pope, we shall have much light thrown on the state of the Church at the beginning of the third century, and on the nature of the tiny schism of which Hippolytus was the head. On the matter of doctrine we need not dwell long. Hippolytus in his anger and with his usual honesty contradicts himself within the space of a few lines. He expressly says that St. Callistus condemned Sabellius, and in this he tells us a very interesting historical fact, which serves as an explanation

¹ Eusebius, *Ecel. Hist.* vi. 43.

of a statement, hitherto unsupported, made by the Arian Bishops in the pseudo-synod of Sardica in 347, that Sabellius was condemned at Rome. When Hippolytus says that the Pope condemned Sabellius "through fear" of him and of the accusations of Sabellianism he was bringing against him, he forgets that he also tells us that Callistus feared him so little as openly to accuse him of ditheism before all the people. The only way of saving the acute Hippolytus from a direct contradiction in his accusations of St. Callistus is to suppose that when he says that the Pope taught that "the Father suffered with the Son," he is giving not the Pope's words but his deductions from the Pope's teaching. For his honesty makes him say, when he professes to give the Pope's very words—"For I do not profess (saith he) two Gods, the Father and the Son, but one:" and, "He will not say that the Father suffered and is one Person [with the Son] to avoid blasphemy against the Father, silly and cunning fellow that he is." So when Hippolytus says that the doctrine of Callistus was that "the Father and the Son are called one God, and as this Person being one cannot be two, so the Father suffered with the Son," he shows us the invaluable fact that while he himself was so using the word *Person* as to identify it with *Nature*, this most important theological word was used by the Pope in the first quarter of the third century, more than a century before the First General Council, in exactly the sense in which it has ever since been used by the Church.

But the bulk of the accusations brought against Pope Callistus by Hippolytus relate to ecclesiastical discipline, and very interesting they are. The first is that Callistus said that "the sins of all were remitted by him." He does not say that sins were remitted without penance, but that none were excluded from absolution; that is, that the Pope declared that the power was intrusted to him of remitting all sins without exception, and that he acted on the doctrine. Hippolytus here shows the rigorism of his little sect. This Jansenistic feature he and his schism have in common with Tertullian who preceded him and with Novatian who followed him. "I hear," says Tertullian when a Montanist, in his book *De Pudicitia*, "I hear that a decree has come forth and a peremptory one: the *Pontifex Maximus*, that is, the Bishop of Bishops declares, I remit the sins of adultery and fornication to those who have done penance." De Rossi gathers from the accusation of Hippolytus that Tertullian in these words refers not to Zephyrin, as is

usually supposed, but to Callistus; and this is borne out by an evident reference to St. Callistus by Tertullian towards the end of the book from which these words are quoted.² "Others fly to the mines and come back givers of letters of communion to the lapsed." The accusation against Callistus made by Tertullian and Hippolytus is in fact that the Roman Church had then that which has been her spirit in all ages, the spirit of her Master, Who would not condemn the woman taken in adultery and Who taught Peter to forgive not seven times but seventy times seven. That there was no undue relaxation of discipline in the mercy shown by St. Callistus we learn from the words of the clergy of Rome, written only thirty years later. "Far be it from the Roman Church to let down her vigour by a profane facility and to relax the nerves of severity to the subversion of the majesty of the faith." The change introduced by St. Callistus which Hippolytus blames, must have been that of permitting the adulterer after due penance to be restored to communion, without waiting for danger of death. Tertullian, with all his Montanist rigorism, does not deny the power of the Church so to forgive, but he says that one ought not to receive benefit to the injury of the rest. It is not, however, easy to see how the reconciliation with the Church that he sarcastically describes could be any encouragement to sin. "You bring in the adulterer into the Church to make his petition to the brotherhood, with shame and horror you make him prostrate himself in the midst, covered with sackcloth and ashes, before the widows, before the priests, seeking every one's skirts, kissing every one's feet, clinging to every one's knees, and you, like a good shepherd and blessed Pope, make your sermon on his fall with all the allurements of mercy that you can find, and in the parable of the sheep you seek your goats, lest your sheep should leap out of the fold again—as if he might not do that in the future which he has once done—and so you fill others with fear [for him] when you are so indulgent." We should have thought this to be the picture of a rigorous discipline, instead of that of a ruinous laxity. It is interesting to know from Tertullian himself that St. Callistus caused the image of the Good Shepherd to be painted on the glass chalices

² This argument is not conclusive, for these words would be more applicable to Callistus when deacon to Zephyrinus than when Pope. But it is of no importance to decide which of the two was Pope when Tertullian wrote.

in protest against rigorism.³ The same image is the answer of St. Callistus to the strictures of Hippolytus.

2. The second accusation is much of the same kind. "If it happens that one has sinned who has belonged to some other man's congregation and is called a Christian, they say that his sin is not imputed to him if he will but join the school of Callistus." The allegation seems to be that the Pope would receive schismatics to communion without penance. The most probable interpretation is that the Church was lenient to converts who were born in heresy or idolatry, and severe with those who lapsed from the faith and apostatized, requiring canonical penance from these last only, and that Hippolytus in his severity disapproved of the distinction. There is something quaint in the personal lamentation that gives point to the whole accusation that "some, who as a condemnation were cast by us out of the Church, passing over to them have filled his school."

3. He taught that "though a bishop should sin, even to death, he must not be removed from his place." What Hippolytus means by a "sin unto death" is not clear,⁴ and the difficulty is not removed by a reference to the very obscure passage in St. John's First Epistle⁵ where the same expression is used. If by it he meant every mortal sin, it is not to be wondered at that the Pope should have rejected a general rule for the deposition of bishops that would be so liable to abuse. If the "sin unto death" is one for which a layman would have been excommunicated, it would seem probable that Callistus had refused to lay down the general rule that a bishop in that case should always be deposed, and it is not surprising that he should have left ecclesiastical judgments to their usual course. In some churches the sins that were punished with excommunication were very numerous, and it might have been far from advisable to decree deposition as a universal law wherever such had been committed. "The faithful perishes," says Tertullian, speaking of Catholic discipline, "whenever he falls by gazing on the fury of the chariot races, the bloodshed of the gladiators, the foulness of the stage, or the vanity of the

³ De Rossi, *Ibid.*, p. 28.

⁴ De Rossi regards it as certain that the words "a sin unto death" are here used as Tertullian and Origen used them, for adultery, homicide, and idolatry. And he thinks, as is noticed a little further on, that Hippolytus is finding fault with the teaching of Callistus respecting the validity of the acts of bishops who were guilty of these crimes.

⁵ 1 St. John v. 16.

athletes; or when he has used any arts of curiosity towards the games and feastings of worldly solemnities, or towards the office or ministry of another man's idolatry; or if he has given way to a word of doubtful denial or of blasphemy. For anything of this kind he is put out of the flock, or perhaps he has broken himself away through anger, pride, envy, or (which often happens) by refusing chastisement." It would have been extremely dangerous to have made a law that deposition should always follow offences so elastic as curiosity respecting forbidden entertainments, or doubtful denials of the faith.

4. "In his time bishops, priests and deacons, who had been twice and thrice married, began to be admitted to orders." *In his time*, he says, holding the Roman Pontiff responsible for what might be done in some particular localities. As to the accusation itself, while the Latins ordinarily held that the irregularity of bigamy, spoken of by the Apostle,⁶ existed as a hindrance to ordination where one or even both of the marriages were contracted before baptism, the Greeks for a time were led, by the wording of the sixteenth of the so-called "Canons of the Apostles," to require for the impediment that both marriages should have been entered into after baptism. St. Jerome admitted this interpretation of the law in the case of Carterius, a Spanish bishop, respecting which he had been consulted. St. Augustine distinctly teaches that which is and always has been the Latin practice. Hippolytus apparently blames the Pope for the existence of this diversity between Latins and Greeks.

5. "But if any man in orders shall marry, he may remain in orders as if he had not sinned." Hippolytus is probably not speaking of the hierarchical orders of bishop, priest, and deacon, which he had expressly mentioned in the preceding accusation. The only Canon in all antiquity that permitted deacons to marry, is that of the Council of Ancyra in 314, and that only in the peculiar case that at the time of their ordination they had protested that it was their intention to marry. "If these should afterwards marry, they may remain in the ministry, because the bishop has given them leave. But if they held their peace, and received imposition of hands, professing continence, and afterwards are bound by marriage, they must cease from the ministry."

But this restricted permission is an extraordinary exception

⁶ 1 Tim. iii. 2; Titus i. 6.

to the ordinary tenour of primitive ecclesiastical legislation, and the law was universal that bishops, priests, and deacons could not marry. With respect to subdeacons, the law varied in different places, and it was not until the time of St. Gregory that the law of celibacy was extended to subdeacons in the Latin Church. Hippolytus, if he is speaking of Rome, which is not clear, must refer to the subdeaconship, and if he refers to other places, his complaint must be that St. Callistus was not enforcing elsewhere the Roman rule and discipline.

The true nature of the rigorism of the Hippolytists, which dictated these accusations against the Pope, is shown by the texts which Hippolytus proceeds to tell us that Callistus was accustomed to quote in reply. "To this he would declare that saying of the Apostle to belong, *Who art thou who judgest another's servant?* And the parable of the cockle he said referred to it, *Suffer the cockle to grow with the wheat*, that is, sinners in the Church. And he taught that the Ark of Noe was made in the likeness of the Church, in which were dogs and wolves and crows and all things clean and unclean, declaring that in the Church it must be in like manner; and everything of this sort that he could heap together, he interpreted in this way." Precisely: the Roman Church, when Callistus was Pope, spoke as she has always spoken, and kept the tenour of her way steadily, free from laxity of discipline and from the rigorism of her would-be supplanters and rivals. The very arguments used by St. Callistus against the Hippolytists are those which St. Augustine afterwards employed against the Donatists, and they have done service many a time since against the successors of these ancient objectors. "So he dogmatized," says Hippolytus of Pope Callistus; that is, according to De Rossi's interpretation,⁷ this was his dogmatic teaching against those who were now anticipating the Novatian and Donatist errors, that a bishop, who had committed a grave sin, was without further judgment outside the pale of the Church and that the sacraments administered by him were null and void.

6 and 7. Two accusations we can here link together, and it is more convenient not to give them in the words employed by Hippolytus. He complains that Callistus permitted unmarried women of rank, who did not wish to lose their dignity by contracting a legal marriage, to choose a single man, either

⁷ De Rossi, *Ibid.*, p. 31.

slave or freedman, and to live with him as a husband, though not lawfully married. And he adds that the result was a disregard for the life of their children, who were through their fathers of servile or plebeian blood. The objection of Hippolytus is made in this instance against Callistus himself: "he permitted." Here probably we have the record of an important Papal declaration, deformed in the style of which Hippolytus is a master. The Roman civil law confined marriage, properly so called, (*connubium*) to the union of free persons,⁸ but matrimony of an inferior kind (*contubernium*) which was the only one that slaves could contract, was tolerated by the civil law, though not recognized, when contracted between persons whom the law did not permit to be united in legal wedlock. Such unions must no doubt have frequently led to the frightful result mentioned by Hippolytus among Pagan parents, and it is possible that some cases may have occurred among Christians. But that Christian morality should not at once have exterminated a Pagan crime, was certainly no reason why for grave reasons Callistus should not have permitted, as from Hippolytus we learn that he did permit, marriages between Christians which were not recognized by the Roman civil law.⁹ The Church had her own laws respecting marriage, and the Empire had its laws also. The latter greatly restricted the circle from which a noble maiden might accept a husband; and the Pope, seeing the evils necessarily resulting from such a limitation, declared that the Church would sanction the marriage of a Christian noblewoman even with her freedman or slave, although the validity of the marriage was not recognized by the State. In this, as in so many things, the Holy See caused its voice to be heard in favour of liberty long in advance of the civil power. Even Constantine and Justinian retained the prohibition which invalidated a civil marriage between a master and slave.

8. Hippolytus has one more accusation to bring against Pope Callistus, and it is a very interesting one. "In his time first, baptism was tried to be repeated by them." *In his time*, again,—not by him; nor, we may be sure, in Rome, for five and thirty years afterwards St. Stephen expressly appeals to

⁸ The widow or daughter of a senator lost her title of *clarissima* by marriage with a freeman of lower rank, but the law regarded the marriage as valid. But as marriage with a slave was null in law, the *clarissima* who contracted this union did not lose her rank.

⁹ Tertullian says that the Montanists refused to recognize what he calls *occulte conjunctiones*, which existed among the Catholics.

tradition in his famous rule, "If any one comes to you from any heresy, let nothing be innovated other than that which is handed down, that hands be imposed upon him for penance." This appeal to antiquity St. Cyprian could not gainsay, so he claims that the matter be decided "not by custom but by reason:" yet he says, "*Amongst us* it is no new or sudden thing that we should regard those as having to be baptized who come to the Church from heretics, for many years have elapsed, and a long time, since many bishops assembled under Agrippinus of good memory so appointed." The Council of Carthage over which Agrippinus, Bishop of Carthage, presided, was held about the year 217, and St. Callistus was Pope from 218 to 223. It is very significant of the position held by the Pope in Christendom that Hippolytus should blame him as being responsible for an innovation introduced by the Bishops of Africa and Numidia.

And now that we have come to an end of the accusations brought by Hippolytus against the Pope, who can help being struck by the character of those accusations and the suppositions on which they rest? We have here a most distinct proof that in the beginning of the third century the discipline of the Church did not allow persons to continue in the exercise of their orders, who had married since they were ordained, and that it did not permit ordination to be conferred on those who had been married twice. In these things Hippolytus gives his accusations this general shape, in order to make them acceptable to his hearers. The supposition underlies them, that every one knew this to be the ancient discipline of the Church. Yet this was written within 160 years after the death of St. Peter. At that period, again the power of the Roman Pontiff is so thoroughly recognized that it can be a matter of reproach to him if *in his time* ecclesiastical discipline is infringed even in the most distant churches—if heretics are rebaptized, if bigamists are ordained, or deacons are allowed to marry, even though it be in the far East or in Africa that these things occur. It is the Pope who teaches when Bishops are to be deposed, that sinners are not to be put to lifelong penance, and that schismatics and heretics are to be welcomed when they return to the Church. It is the Pope, himself once a slave, who breaks through the prejudices of the Roman world respecting slavery, and declares that the dignity and indissolubility of the Christian sacrament was attached even to those unions which the law

of the Empire regarded as temporary and informal. A furious enemy reproaches the Pope for what he has done, pretending to regard him as an impostor, intruding himself into an office to which his opponent has a better claim, but he treats all the things he blames as acts of authority, and while never hinting at any usurpation of power in the Pope for so doing, his complaint is rather that the Pope is not rigorous enough in his decrees. Far more important still is the testimony of Hippolytus to the doctrine taught by Callistus, in which is contained one of the clearest Ante-Nicene declarations of the Consubstantiality of God the Son. "He said that the Father was not one thing and the Son another thing, but one and the same thing . . . and that the Spirit which took flesh in the Virgin was not another thing from the Father but one and the same thing: and that this was the sense of the saying, *Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father in Me?*" Hardly less important is the testimony of Hippolytus to the immediate acceptance by the faithful of the Pope's teaching; for he complains that the doctrine of this Pope, who only reigned five years and who wrote no book, was "spread throughout the whole world."

And now we lose the guidance of the angry *Philosophoumena* of Hippolytus, and our story consequently rapidly draws to its close. How did it end—this little schism in the city of Rome, or rather just outside its gates? St. Callistus died by martyrdom in 223, St. Urban his successor in 230, St. Pontian in 235. With St. Pontian died St. Hippolytus. Thirty-five years had elapsed since the accession of St. Zephyrin, and seventeen from that of St. Callistus; the former length of time Hippolytus seems to have been in opposition to the Pope, the latter in downright schism. The year 235 was the last of the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus. He favoured the Christians, but it often happened that the Church was adorned by martyrdoms even under Emperors that were not persecutors. Sometimes there were popular tumults, in which or under pretext of which prominent Christians lost their lives. Thus St. Callistus is believed to have been thrown from a window into a well in a popular commotion in Trastevere. His burying-place was in the cemetery of Calepodius on the Aurelian Way, and not in the famous catacomb that bears his name, probably on account of its nearness to the scene of this singular martyrdom.¹⁰

¹⁰ De Rossi, *Roma Sotterranea*, vol. ii. p. 51.

In 235 the Emperor Alexander Severus was absent from Rome, engaged in carrying on the war in Germany in which he met his death. We have already seen in the early life of St. Callistus that even when the Emperor was friendly to the Christians, it was easy for a Prefect of Rome, especially in the absence of the Emperor, to confer the crown of martyrdom. This was the more simple as deportation to Sardinia and condemnation to the mines was as efficacious for the purpose as a direct sentence of death. In that year, then, "Severus and Quintian being Consuls, Pontian the Bishop and Hippolytus the priest, exiles, were deported into the unwholesome island of Sardinia." So say the most ancient and venerable records²² of the Church of Rome.

And Hippolytus the schismatic, how does he come to be St. Hippolytus the martyr? From a Roman tradition preserved in the mellifluous verses of Prudentius, we draw our answer to the question. When the Pope was seized, the Antipope was taken too. The moment of grace had come for the disciple of St. Irenæus. His partisans followed him as he was led a prisoner along the road to Porto, there to be shipped for Sardinia with Pope Pontian. "Say what we are to believe," they cry to him who had been their master in error; "tell us which Church is true." "Abandon your schism," is his answer to them, "return to the Catholics. Let one faith prevail, that which is preserved in the ancient Church, that which Paul held, and the Chair of Peter."

Plebis amore suæ multis comitantibus ibat :

Consultus quænam secta foret melior,

Respondit : Fugite, O miseri, exsecranda Novati

Schismata ; Catholicis reddite vos populis.

Una fides vigeat, prisco quæ condita templo est :

Quam Paulus retinet, quamque cathedra Petri.

Quæ docui, docuisse piget. . . .

The Pope and the penitent Antipope are united in their confession of the faith, in their exile, in their death, and in the glory of martyrdom. Of Pontian the ancient Catalogue of the Roman Pontiffs makes a statement that is quite unexampled. Of this Pope alone it uses the phrase, *in eadem insula discinctus*, with the date, the 4th of the Kalends of October, and the statement that Anteros was ordained in his stead on the 11th of the Kalends of December in the same year.

²² The Liberian Catalogue, in this part written in the middle of the third century.

St. Pontian laid aside the Pontificate, as a soldier his girdle, lest the Church should suffer from his banishment—the first and only instance of the resignation of a Pope, till Pope St. Peter Celestine resigned the tiara at the end of the thirteenth century. The *Liber Pontificalis*²³ assigns for the death of St. Pontian the date of the 3rd of the Kalends of November, and De Rossi²⁴ concludes that St. Pontian resigned on the 28th of September, 235, and died of hardships in the mines on the 30th of October, probably in the following year. St. Anteros, who was consecrated Pope on the 21st of November, 235, as soon as the news of the resignation of St. Pontian reached Rome, died after a brief reign of little more than a month. St. Fabian his successor ruled the Church for fourteen years, during the calm that prevailed prior to the persecution under Decius, at the outbreak of which in 250 he received the crown of martyrdom. From the Emperors Philip, father and son, St. Fabian received permission to bring the body of his martyred predecessor St. Pontian to Rome, that it might rest in the burying-place of the Popes, and he seems to have gone to Sardinia for the purpose in person with some of his clergy. At the same time, St. Fabian translated to Rome the relics of St. Hippolytus, the repentant Antipope, the fellow-confessor and fellow-martyr of Pope St. Pontian. The memory of the past was then fresh, and nothing could show more clearly than this association how thoroughly the final confession of error and the subsequent martyrdom had atoned in the mind of the Church for the wrong done but not persisted in. The two martyrs did not rest together, though their names are linked on one day in the Roman Kalendar of the fourth century; and as St. Laurence takes precedence of Pope St. Sixtus, so St. Hippolytus, who though perhaps a bishop when in schism was to the Church of Rome still one of her titular priests, takes precedence of his fellow-martyr Pope St. Pontian. “Idibus Augusti, Hippolyti in Tiburtina et Pontiani in Callisti.”

On the 13th of August, then, St. Fabian laid the relics of St. Pontian to rest in the Papal Cemetery of Callistus, while those of St. Hippolytus he took to that very catacomb on the road to Tivoli where for so many years he had led his little band of

²³ “Afflictus, fustibus maceratus est 3 Kal. Novembris, quem beatus Fabianus adduxit cum clero per navim et sepelivit in cœmeterio Callisti via Appia.” This portion of the *Liber Pontificalis* is of the first half of the eighth century.

²⁴ *Roma Sotterranea*, vol. ii. p. 77.

schismatics. The relics of the martyr should keep alive the memory of the recantation with which the errors of years were untaught, and the story of the death should be the antidote to the story of the life. The thought was admirable, yet antidotes are always imperfect, and evil lives on in spite of reparation. The spirit of rigorism did not die, and the example of schism was soon followed. When, sixteen years after the martyrdom of St. Hippolytus, Novatus, a Carthaginian priest, who had quarrelled with St. Cyprian because that saint was too severe, came to Rome, he turned completely round, and from being the advocate of laxity he became a rigorist. In this he was followed by Novatian, who set himself up as an Anti-pope in the reign of St. Cornelius, and taught that apostates could not be admitted to penance. Novatus evidently found rigorism prevailing amongst those Romans who had a tendency to schism, and this we may fear was a legacy from the teaching of Hippolytus unrectified by his death.

In that cemetery on the Tiburtine road *in agro Verano* in which St. Hippolytus was enshrined by St. Fabian, in some inner corner there was now hidden away the splendid statue of Hippolytus in his pride, which was there to lie concealed for thirteen centuries. The book shared the fate of the statue, and it also lay hidden for centuries. The *Philosophoumena* attacked the various sects of heretics too vigorously to be kept alive by them, while the Catholics had no interest in a work in which a Pope was represented as in heresy and schism. The tenth book alone survived, in which no clue was given by which the Callistus who was assailed could be recognized. Thus a vague impression prevailed that there had been an obscure heretic of the name of Callistus, and the name is associated in a very singular way with that of Hippolytus in the supposititious acts of a Council of Rome supposed to have been held under St. Sylvester.²⁵ The *Liber Pontificalis*, compiled in the eighth century, says, in the life of St. Sylvester, that he condemned Callistus, Arius, and Sabellius. Theodoret, having the tenth book of the *Philosophoumena* before him, says that Callistus defended and added to the heresy of Noetus, but he had not the least idea that by "Callistus" the Pope of that

²⁵ "Damnavit autem [Sylvester] Hippolytum diaconum Valentinianistam et Callistum qui in sua extollentia separabat Trinitatem. . . et presentia Episcoporum supradictorum et presbyterorum aliorumque graduum damnavit Hippolytum, Victorinum et Callistum, et dedit eis anathema, et damnavit eos extra urbes suas."

name was meant. The ninth book would have shown him this most unmistakeably, but not a copy remained in the literary world. The *Philosophoumena* was disinterred, as the statue had previously been, when in 1842 a Greek named Mynoides Mynas, who had been sent by the French Government to search for manuscripts in the monasteries of the East, found this at Mount Athos and brought it to Paris.

But though book and statue disappeared, the schism of Hippolytus was not forgotten: its memory and that of the reparation made for it was passed down from mouth to mouth, and the shrine of the martyr became the centre of a great devotion. In the fifth century it was visited by a poet,²⁸ who has magnificently described what he saw. On the 13th of August all Rome and its neighbourhood came pouring forth along the Tiburtine Way to visit the tomb of St. Hippolytus. The pilgrims had to pass a splendid basilica, in which a martyr of greater name than Hippolytus reposed. Three days before, the devout crowd had come out to venerate St. Laurence on his feast; now they make a short visit at his altar as they pass, crowding the spacious church, and then they enter the crypt or catacomb close by, where a chapel brilliant with polished silver and wrought marble contains the altar which covers the body of St. Hippolytus. A picture fastened to the wall indicates the name of the martyr, for it represents in brilliant colours the legendary story of the death of Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, who was torn to pieces by wild horses. The guardians of the shrine tell the traditional history of the martyr to the visitors. Two hundred years had elapsed, yet the memory of the schism still prevailed, and in the guardians' narrative the pagan youth say of Hippolytus that he was a bishop, or at all events the leader and head of a sect of Christian,—“*Ipsum Christicolis esse caput populis.*” And Prudentius says of his conversion:

Nec mirere senem, perversi dogmatis olim,
Munere ditatum Catholicæ fidei.

²⁸ The personal devotion of Prudentius to St. Hippolytus is expressed in the lines—

Hic corruptellis animique et corporis æger
Oravi quotiens stratus, opem merui. . . .
Hippolyto scio me debere: Deus cui Christus
Posse dedit, quod quis postulet, annuere.

At the close of his poem he begs the Bishop Valerian, to whom he addresses it, to keep the feast of St. Hippolytus on the Ides of August, as he keeps the festivals of the martyrs SS. Cyprian, Chelidonius, and Eulalia.

But in these two centuries some errors naturally had crept into the popular tradition. An insignificant mistake made Hippolytus not the precursor but the follower of Novatus. "Invenio Hippolytum," says Prudentius, "qui quondam schisma Novati Presbyteri [*or* Presbyter] attigerat, nostra sequenda negans." Another error put the martyrdom where the profession of faith was made, at Ostia or Porto, and even styled Hippolytus Bishop of Porto. A third, the gravest and most lasting, transferred the picture from the mythical Hippolytus to the martyr, and taught that the manner of the martyrdom was represented there, and that St. Hippolytus also was torn to pieces by horses.

At the time, however, of the visit of Prudentius the name of Hippolytus was not associated with that of Laurence, but, as it seems, this was in another century the result of the nearness of the two shrines and of the two festivals, and St. Gregory of Tours mentions SS. Xystus, Laurence, and Hippolytus as martyred together. Many other variations and combinations of the story appear to be the fruit of the efforts that were made to supply, partly by tradition and partly by fancy, the great loss in successive persecutions of the genuine Acts of the Martyrs. The Bollandists print, and point out the apocryphal character of the *Acta* of St. Laurence, in which the Hippolytus, whose feast is the 13th of August, is made to be the soldier who guarded St. Laurence, and the *Acta* of another St. Hippolytus, otherwise called Nonnus,²⁷ who converted St. Pelagia, buried St. Aurea, and was martyred on the 22nd of August by being cast into a well at Porto. Ado, Archbishop of Vienne in France in the ninth century, in his Martyrology, was the first to attribute the schism and conversion to a St. Hippolytus of Antioch. But there is no need to follow any further what we conceive to be corruptions of the original history.

The statue and the *Philosophoumena* show us that the famous doctor St. Hippolytus and the schismatic of the Tiburtine road were one and the same person. Prudentius, writing in the fifth century, enables us to identify the converted schismatic with the Hippolytus who was deported to Sardinia

²⁷ The apocryphal character of the *Acta* is of course no proof that a St. Hippolytus, otherwise called Nonnus, did not exist, or that he did not die by being cast into the well which is still shown at Porto. In the martyrology of the sixth or seventh century, which is called by St. Jerome's name, we have "10 Kal. Sept. in Portu Urbis Romæ Hippolyti qui dicitur Nonnus, cum sociis."

by the date of his feast, August 13, which coincides with the day assigned to the translation of the relics of SS. Pontian and Hippolytus in the Roman Kalendar of the fourth century. That SS. Pontian and Hippolytus were sent to Sardinia together we learn from the still earlier Catalogue which goes under the name of Liberius, and indeed from that portion of it which is attributed to the time of Pope St. Lucius, who died in 254. Every word from such early and invaluable sources of information must be held as the test by which all later statements must be tried, and with which they must be in conformity when they are brought up as historical witnesses. On this principle Father De Smedt has always gone, and we have followed him closely in all that we have said in this conjectural chapter.

J. M.

The Story of a Scottish Martyr.

PART THE THIRD.

FATHER JAMES GORDON wrote from Paris, April 21, 1615, that the martyr was removed to Glasgow by the express order of the King. James, in this particular, as well as in others, as for instance the torturing of Father Ogilvie with the "boots," acted on the suggestion of Archbishop Spottiswood. His Grace betrayed a most extraordinary solicitude about the safe custody of his prisoner. The castle, his own residence, was his prison, and not the Tolbooth. The services of the ordinary gaoler were dispensed with. His own steward was made the Jesuit's turnkey. This circumstance did not escape the notice of his fellow-prisoners.

"The Archbishop removed from his place the gaoler of the prison, a man in other ways kind towards the prisoner, and substituted for him his own steward, a rough-mannered and hard-hearted man, who used to leave him in continual solitude, loaded with iron as above mentioned. Not trusting to the bolts with which the heavy feet-chains were fastened together, this man caused pieces of iron, like wedges turned back on either side, to be inserted in the joinings of the rings, so afraid was he lest his prisoner should escape, although the martyr used to say that he would not break even chains of wax, nor go out if the doors were opened. . . . They added, moreover, extraordinary watchings, the citizens succeeding by turns in the night watches."¹

Although the Commission had broken down, and the Jesuits had triumphed, yet the King clung desperately to the hope that he would see him either overthrown in argument, or proving himself a recreant to Rome. He reckoned without his host. "Once again," wrote Father Ogilvie, "a letter came back from London." We know more about that letter than the martyr did. It contained a list of questions on which he was to be tested, and the Archbishop was instructed to write down the answers given and forward them to his Royal Master.

¹ A continuation of the history, &c., of the aforesaid Father by his fellow-prisoners.

His Grace of Glasgow did not fail in duty to James; he did as he was ordered. Accordingly January 28 (18th O.S.), 1615, there assembled in the Archbishop's Court, for "trying of the Jesuit:"

His Grace, John Spottiswood,
The Lord Bishop of Argyle,
Lord Fleming,
Sir George Elphingstone,
James Hamilton, Provost of Glasgow,
Mr. Robert Boyd, Principal of the University, and
Mr. Robert Scott, one of the city ministers.

The Archbishop read over one by one the following questions:

"1. Whether the Pope be judge, and hath power *in spiritualibus* over His Majesty; and whether that power will reach over His Majesty *in temporalibus* if it be *in ordine ad spiritualia*? as Bellarmine affirmeth.

"2. Whether the Pope hath power to excommunicate Kings (especially such as are not of his Church) as his Majesty?

"3. Whether the Pope hath power to depose Kings by him excommunicated, and in particular, whether he hath power to depose the King's Majesty?

"4. Whether it be no murder to slay His Majesty being so excommunicated and deposed by the Pope?

"5. Whether the Pope hath power to assoilzie subjects from the oath of their born and native allegiance to His Majesty?"²

Father Ogilvie subscribed his name to the document whereon Spottiswood had written his answers. These answers are thrown into a note taken from the Archbishop's own work, *The History of the Church of Scotland*.³

The martyr's own notes of this conference are embodied in this narrative, thus affording an ample report of the proceedings.

² *The History of the Church of Scotland*, lib. vii. 522.

³ "I acknowledge the Pope of Rome to be Judge unto his Majesty, and to have power over him *in spiritualibus*, and over all Christian Kings. But where it is asked whether that power will reach over him *in temporalibus*, I am not obliged to declare my opinion thereon, except to him, that is Judge in controversies of Religion, to wit, the Pope; or one having authority from him. For the second point: I think that the Pope hath power to excommunicate the King; and when it is said that the King is not of the Pope's Church, I answer that all who are baptized are under the Pope's power. To the third where it is asked if the Pope hath power to depose, the King being excommunicated, I say that *I am not tied to declare my mind except to him that is Judge in controversies of Religion*. To the fourth and fifth I answer *ut supra*" (lib. vii. 522).

They ask : "Can the Pope depose an heretical King?"

"This," answered Father Ogilvie, "is the opinion of many Doctors, and a very probable doctrine, that he can : and when it shall have been defined as of faith I will lay down my life in defence of it ; meanwhile, I am not bound to say what I think until I shall be juridically interrogated by the Judge of religious controversies, that is to say, by the Pope, or by one who has authority from him."

Secondly, they ask "whether a King excommunicated by the command of the Pope may be killed?"

"You have no spiritual jurisdiction, and therefore lest I might seem to acknowledge that the King has spiritual jurisdiction, I do not wish to reply to a question of spiritual doctrine. If you were to consult me for the sake of instruction I would speak, but since you interrogate me as judges I cannot, with a safe conscience, say what I think. I have condemned both the oaths proposed to the English, of supremacy and allegiance."

They ask, "Has the Pope jurisdiction above the King?"

"He has, if the latter be a baptized Christian."

"Can the Pope excommunicate the King?"

"He can."

"How can he excommunicate a man who is not in his Church?"

"A heretic," was Father Ogilvie's reply to this searching query, "is in the Church as regards the possibility of punishment, not as regards the communion of the gifts and graces of salvation, for just as the King can capture and punish banditti and robbers, so the Pope has power and ought to chastise rebellious heretics and those who fly from Mother Church, for the Pope acquires a right over a man when he is baptized, because then he enters the Church, and becomes a member of the Mystical Body and a sheep of Christ's flock, of which the Pope is the shepherd."⁴

"Being reasoned with," wrote Spottiswoode,⁵ "a long time, and the danger expounded, wherein he did cast himself by maintaining such treasonable opinions, he answered, '*that he would not change his mind for any danger that could befall him*;' and speaking of the Oath of Allegiance, said, '*it was a damnable oath, and treason against God to swear it*.' Some days being allowed him to bethink himself better of these

⁴ *Authentic Account of the Imprisonment and Martyrdom of Father Ogilvie.*

⁵ *History of the Church of Scotland.* Lib. vii. 522.

points, when as no advice could prevail, answers were sent to his Majesty subscribed by himself, and therewith a testification of such as were present at the giving thereof."

How fared the martyr during the interchange of letters between Spottiswood and King James? The document introduced here will tell. It was written by Father Ogilvie only sixteen days before he grasped the martyr's palm.

Reverend Father in Christ,—

Pax Christi.

Your reverence will easily judge of my present condition from the bearer of this. It is a capital offence to be caught writing, so that before the return of the turnkey I must needs hurry.

Your Reverence, when Provincial of Austria, first received me into the Society;⁶ on that account I may recommend my children with the greater confidence to your Reverence as to their grandfather. Should, therefore, Mr. John Mayne require your services, I beg that he may find in my dearest Ferdinand, the Father of genuine charity, some share of the kindness which I have experienced.

I have written to the bearer of this. Your Reverence may ask, if you please, what he has done with the particulars that may serve for our Annals.

I earnestly recommend myself to your Reverence's prayers. Dated from my prison at Glasgow, where I lie under a load of two hundred weight of irons, looking for death, unless I accept the proffered favour of the King, that is, a rich preferment and another religion. Once I have sustained the torture of being kept without sleep for nine nights and eight days. Now I expect two other tortures, and then death.

I am still awake this 22nd February, 1615.

Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

JOANNES OGILVÆUS, Soc. Jesu.⁷

This letter was addressed to Father Ferdinand Alberi.

The two weeks and two days which elapsed from the hour Father Ogilvie wrote that letter to the day of his trial and death (for he was tried, condemned, and hanged on the same day) must have been for him a weary time. Archbishop Spottiswood and his wife, the ministers Scott, Struthers, and Boyd, and the Earl of Lothian, invaded his cell, bent, if possible, upon winning the martyr from Rome by base and paltry lures such as "a rich preferment" and "a grand marriage." Some

⁶ "1596. Joannes Ogilvy, ex Calvinismo, ut exoneraretur Seminarium, missus est 27 Junii, 1598, ad monasterium Scotorm. Ratisbonense." (Register of Students at Douay). Preshome MSS.

⁷ There is a very slight discrepancy between this translation and the Latin copy at Stonyhurst.

theological free lances did not hesitate to try the temper of their arms in encounters with the Jesuit borne down to the flagstones of his prison by the weight of his fetters. In vain did the Archbishop flatter him, calling him a mettlesome fellow. In vain did he make him the offer of his daughter in marriage. In vain did the Archbishop's wife show fondness for him. Their efforts were futile. Tortures were twice tried and twice failed. The Jesuit was immovable. Blandishments could not win him, sufferings could not shake him. His faith never wavered. It was determined at last he should be put to death; but, although this resolve was taken, the forms of law had to be observed. An interesting document, the original of which is given in a note,⁸ reveals to us not only how jealous the Archbishop was of the custody of his prisoner in as far as he had not committed him to the Tolbooth at the Cross, the city prison, but confined him in his own palace, and had erected, before sentence of death was passed, even the scaffold on which he died. We give a translation of the document which appears in the note: "In the year 1663, I was in conversation, at Edinburgh, with the illustrious Lady Margaret Hamilton (who was unmarried), sister of the noble Marquis of Abercorn. She spoke to me of the heroic martyr, John Ogilvie. 'The night before his martyrdom,' she said, 'there being moonlight, while a woman living at Glasgow was looking out of a window which was opposite the scaffold, she saw a man of remarkable aspect clad in a white garment, leave the Bishop's castle (wherein the martyr was kept prisoner), and with hands raised heavenwards, glide down the street, kneel

⁸ Anno 1663, dum Edinburgi sermo mihi esset cum Illustrissima Virgine Domina Margarita Hamilton, sorore Illustrissimi Comitis Abercorniæ, de Martyrio generosi Athletis et Martyris Joannis Oglibæi, dixit: "Nocte præcedente illius martyrium luna tam splendente, mulierem quamdam civem Glasguae, dum e fenestra quæ e regione patibuli erecti erat, vidisse se hominem nitidissimum, lintea veste cinctum, e palatio Episcopi (ubi tum Martyr inclusus detinebatur) junctis et erectis manibus per plateam descendisse, et ante tabulatum, ubi eminebat patibulum, flexis genibus aliquamdiu orasse, et hæc clara voce dixisse—

Maria, Mater Gratiae, Mater Misericordiae,
Tu nos ab hoste protege, et hora mortis suscipe.

"Rem miram," inquam ego, "mihi narras, et pergratam sane, si de veritate mihi constaret." "Ego," inquit illa, "non minus sollicita eram, cum mihi primum narraretur, de rei veritate indaganda. Proinde Pasleto Glasguam profecta sum, ut ab ipsa muliere illam expiscarer: quæ, professione licet acatholica, et literaturæ linguæque Latinae omnino ignara, iisdem tamen verbis et circumstantiis retulit, et jurejurando affirmavit." Hæc, inquam, habui ab ipsa virgine, pietate, prudentia et judicio omnibus notissima; ut hic refero, ni fallar, relationem hanc pluribus abhinc annis, inter annuas Romam scripsi. Duaci Feb. xxiii. 1672. THOMAS ROBÆUS, e Soc. Jesu. Sacerdos, manu propria (*Preshome MSS.*).

for some time in prayer, in front of the scaffold, from which rose the gibbet, and in a distinct voice say, "Mary, Mother of Grace, Mother of Mercy, defend me from the enemy, and receive me in the hour of death." "This is glad news indeed," said I, 'for which I am very thankful, but how am I to credit it?' 'I myself,' said she, 'was no less anxious than you are to have it verified. So I left Paisley and went to Glasgow to find the woman who saw this vision; who though not a Catholic, and quite ignorant of Latin, repeated the very words, and detailed the circumstances mentioned, and swore to the truth of her statement.'

"This did I hear from that lady, a woman well known for her piety, prudence, and judgment; and this statement I wrote down a good number of years ago while in Rome, in testimony of which I herewith subscribe my name, with my own hand, at Douay, 23rd February, 1672.—THOMAS ROBE,⁹ S.J., Priest."

The Catholics had planned the martyr's escape; preparations were made for his leaving the Archbishop's castle in perfect safety the night before his death. But he would not stir a foot beyond the threshold of his cell. "On the night which preceded the martyrdom of the Venerable¹⁰ Father John Ogilvie, Mr. John Browne of Loghill, father of the Rev. James Browne, S.J., whilst making a visit of charity to the Father in prison, promised he would that night open to him a way of escape, of saving his life, and recovering his liberty. The Father smiled affectionately, and embracing the distinguished

⁹ He was employed on the Scotch Mission in 1636; three years later he had retired to London. In his letter from thence, October 31, 1639, he recommends his mother, who had died on the 4th of that month, to the prayers of the Father General Vatelleschi. From London he removed to Douay, where, for a considerable time, he was Rector of the Scotch College. He was still living there in August, 1676 (*Oliver's Collectanea*).

¹⁰ Nocte, quæ Martyrium Venerabilis Patris Joannis Ogilbæi proxime præcessit, perillustis Dominus Joannes Browne de Log-hill, pater R. P. Jacobi Browne Societatis Jesu, ipsum ex pietate in carcere invisens, certam jacenti viam et ad vitam conservandam, et ad libertatem eadem nocte recuperandam aperturum se promisit. Arridens humanissime Pater, nobilemque Dominum amicissime complexus, summas pro oblato beneficio gratias illi retulit, sancte testatus mortem pro tam illustri causa, quavis vita, gratiorem sibi futuram; seque tam sincero in illam affectu ferri, nihil ut magis metueret quam ne quo ab illa casu eriperetur. Qui animus cum nobilem tunc ætate juniorem vehementer et recrearet, et ad ea quæ pro Fide passus est subeunda potentissime animaret, in mutuos cum lacrymis amplexus ruerunt, rogante generose Xti. martyre ne civitate ante egrederetur quam quod in se Deus inchoaverat perficeret: quod ipse se constanter facturum pollicitus, statuit Patris latus quam proxime posset stipare. Document written and signed by Fr. James Browne, S.J., Rector of Douay College in 1668 and 1672 (*Preshome MSS.*).

gentleman with great marks of friendship, expressed his extreme gratitude for the proffered kindness, but assured him that death for so grand a cause was more acceptable than any life, and that he looked forward to it with so sincere a desire as to fear nothing so much as that by any accident he should be snatched from it."¹¹ The two rushed into one another's arms, and the generous martyr begged Mr. Browne not to leave the city until God had completed what he had begun in him. This Mr. Browne promised he would faithfully observe, and undertook to keep as close to the Father's side as he could.¹²

Evidently Father Ogilvie had set his life upon the cast, and would, God helping, stand the hazard of the die.

"Either he must withdraw his statements in favour of Papal Supremacy or die," such was the substance of the King's letter to Spottiswood, a day or so before the martyr was hanged. The last night he passed in the Castle—the last one of the twenty-two weeks he lay the Archbishop's prisoner—was a wearisome one for him. He could not pray, the uproar of the gaolers and others was so great. "To-morrow," he said to those about him, "is my wedding day!" And so it was. It was only with the dawn there came quiet, and then he could speak as he desired, to Him Whom he was to see face to face ere sun-down.

A magistrate with a band of armed citizens led him out of the Castle and down the High Street. The people on the sides of the thoroughfare hailed him with "God speed you," instead of the yells which assailed him on leaving the Tolbooth for Edinburgh, December 8, 1614: his chivalry having won the admiration of almost every one. He was dressed in a ragged overcoat.

The Town Hall, where the trial took place, was within the Tolbooth at the City Cross. The bench was very full, there being on it:

Provost James Hamilton,
Bailie James Bell,¹³
„ Colin Campbell,
„ James Braidwood.

¹¹ Appendix of *Authentic Account*, &c. Father Karslake.

¹² Over two hundred years ago a Scottish nobleman, being warmly interested in Father Ogilvie, spent £200 in promoting his cause at Rome. After the usual process had been gone through, Father Ogilvie was styled Venerable. He is, we believe, the only one of the British martyrs who died for the faith since the so-called Reformation, who bears that title (Note from Rev. John Morris, S.J.).

¹³ The Bells and Campbells were Provosts, Bailies, and Deans of Guild in Glasgow from 1614 till 1687.

These magistrates were appointed by commission from the Lords of Privy Council. Along with them sat :

Archbishop Spottiswood,
James Marquis of Hamilton,
Robert Earl of Lothian,¹⁴
William Lord Sanquahar,
John Lord Fleming,
Robert Lord Boyd, and
Sir Walter Stewart, Assessor.

Father Ogilvie, in coming into court, was conducted to the place where criminals sat. He wore his hat ; but was ordered to take it off.

The proceedings began shortly after eleven o'clock forenoon, Tuesday, March 10, 1615. Mr. William Hay of Baro,¹⁵ specially deputed by Sir William Elphinstone of Newton, his Majesty's Attorney General, rose up and laid before the Bench the indictment against the prisoner. He also produced the citation used in calling the jury, and the roll of their names bearing his own signature, according to the customary form. Thereupon he read the indictment, a long, wordy composition, which we will not inflict upon our patient readers. Then he spoke as follows :

Although the indictment is in itself clear enough, and represents sufficiently to my Lords Justices and your Honourable Lordships here assisting, and even to you yourself, John Ogilvie, standing here, the gravity of the crime you have committed, yet I shall sum it up to you in a very few words, that your answers may be the more distinct and unmistakeable.

You are not accused of saying Mass, nor of seducing his Majesty's subjects to a contrary religion, nor of any point touching you in conscience, properly ; but for declining his Majesty's authority against the laws and statutes of the land, and for maintaining treasonable opinions, such as we of this realm have not heard by any person avowed. The statutes, mentioned in your indictment, make it treason not to answer the King's Majesty or his Council in any matter which shall be demanded. You, being examined by my Lord Archbishop of Glasgow, and other honourable persons adjoined to him, by his Majesty's special commission, refused to answer unto divers interrogatories proposed to you by their lordships, and at the same time professedly avouched the Pope of Rome's jurisdiction, which, by the laws of the country, is many years

¹⁴ "The Earl of Lowthian, trusting by conference to bring him to a better mind, went unto him at divers times, using many persuasions to draw him from his obstinate course ; but nothing could prevail with him" (*The True Relation of the Proceedings against John Ogilvie, a Jesuit*. Edinburgh : Printed by Andrew Hart, anno 1615).

¹⁵ Supposed to be an estate lying on the east of Glasgow, now called Barrowfield.

since plainly discharged ; therefore have you incurred the penalty contained in the statutes, and the famine ought and should be executed upon you.

It is further laid unto your charge, that you being demanded in the particulars, namely, Whether the Pope hath power to dispose the King's Majesty, being deposed by the Pope? Thirdly, whether the Pope hath power to assoilzie his Majesty's subjects from their natural allegiance or not? You denied to give any answer touching any of these points except you were inquired thereof by the Pope, or others having authority from him, and so not acknowledging that his Majesty's crown and authority is held immediately and sovereignly from God, the Author of all government ; that it is detestable once to think that his sacred Majesty may be lawfully killed, and that no man hath power to assoilzie his Majesty's subjects from their natural allegiance to his highness. You have in these points, and every one of them, committed most heinous treason, for the which what you say in your own defence I see not. And yet, further, that it may be seen how desperate your resolution is in all these points, although you were not required concerning the oaths of supremacy and allegiance given to his Majesty by his subjects, you freely, and out of your own motives, condemned these oaths as impious and unlawful. Thereby hath it appeared what a wicked and treasonable mind you foster against his Majesty our sovereign. If you should deny it, here are your answers, subscribed with your own hand, which you cannot but acknowledge ; them I desire to be read, as likewise the several statutes of Parliament which you are alleged to have transgressed ; and thereafter, since his Majesty is pleased that the ordinary course of trial be kept unto you, you shall have liberty to say for yourself, either against the relevancy of the indictment or verification produced, what you think best."

"Then were read the statutes of Parliament mentioned in the indictment, and the said John Ogilvie's answers to the demands proposed unto him, which he acknowledged for his own and the subscription thereto subjoined ; after which, having licence of the court to say what he could for himself, he spoke to this effect : 'First, under protestation that I do no way acknowledge this judgment, nor receive you, that have that commission there produced, for my judges, I deny any point laid against me to be treason : for if it were treason, it would be treason in all places and in all kingdoms ; but that,' saith he, 'is known not to be so. As for your Acts of Parliament, they are made by a number of partial men, the best of the land not agreeing with them, and of matters not subject to their forum or jurisdiction, for which I will not give a rotten fig !

" 'Where I am thought an enemy to the King's Majesty's

authority, I know none other authority he hath, but that which he received from his predecessors, who acknowledged the Pope of Rome's jurisdiction. If the King,' saith he, 'will be to me as his predecessors were to mine, I will obey and acknowledge him for my King; but if he do otherwise and play the runagate from God, as he and you all do, I will not acknowledge him, more than this old hat!'¹⁸

"Here the Archbishop of Glasgow interrupted his speech, desiring him to deliver his mind in a greater calm, and with more reverent speeches of his Majesty; he remembered him that he was accused upon his life, before judges that were authorized by his Majesty's commission: to decline the judgment, or rail against his Majesty's authority, was bootless, and in a man of his profession, being an ecclesiastic, very scandalous. He should rather take another course to amend what he had offended in, and recall his former answers, if they had not proceeded from a deliberate purpose; and if he were resolute to maintain them, to do it with reason and in a moderate sort: that this were his best, either for justifying himself, and the opinions he held, or for moving the judges, and their lordships that were assisting, to commiserate his case: he advertised him withal to be more temperate in his speeches concerning his Majesty, otherwise he would not be licensed thus to offend.

"To this, Ogilvie made some little answer: 'That he would take the advertisement and speak more coldly.' Howbeit, he would never acknowledge the judgment, nor think they had power to sit on his life, but said: 'And for the reverence I do you, by standing bareheaded before you, I let you know I do so, *ad redemptionem vexationis, et non ad agnitionem judicii*.'

"The advocate here insisted, that seeing all his answers tended to decline the judgment, and that he brought no reason why the indictment should not go to a trial, that the jury should be chosen and sworn at the Bar according to custom:

"The names of the jury.

"Sir Geo. Elphinstone of Blythwood,
Sir Thomas Boyd of Boneshaw,
Sir J. Edmonstone of Dunraith, elder,
James Murehead of Lachope,
James Robertson of Ernock,

¹⁸ "Hereupon he twirled his hat in the air" (*The Scottish Journal of Topography*, vol. i. p. 279).

Hew Crawford of Jordane-hill,
John Carschore of that Ilk,
Hew Kennedy, provost of Ayr,
William Makarrel of Hill-house,
James Blair, bailie of Ayr,
John Dunlop of Powmilne,
John Stewart, burgess of Ayr,
John Dumbar, burgess there,
James Johnston, burgess there,
John Cunningham of Rawes.

"It was allowed the prisoner to challenge any of the forenamed persons, and to oppose unto their admission ; who said : ' He had but one exception for them all : they were either enemies to his cause or friends : if enemies, they could not be admitted upon his trial, and if they were his friends, they should stand prisoners at the Bar with him.'

"The jury being known to be all discreet and substantial persons, were instantly sworn and admitted.

"Then was the indictment read again in the hearing of the jury, and the evidences showed them for verification thereof, which before were produced. And the prisoner, being of new remembered to say what he would for himself, for the better information of the jury, spake these things following :

" 'I wish these gentlemen to consider well what they do. I cannot be tried nor judged by them ; and whatsoever I suffer here, it is by way of injury, and not of judgment. *Injuria est, non judicium.* I am accused of treason, but I have done no offence, neither will I beg mercy.'

" 'This is strange,' saith the Archbishop, 'you have done no offence, and yet you are come in his Majesty's kingdom, and have laboured to pervert his Highness's subjects ; both of these are against the law : In this have ye not offended ?'

" 'Not,' he answereth ; 'I came by commandment, and if I were even now forth of the kingdom, I should return : neither do I repent anything, but that I have not been so busy as I should in that which ye call perverting. *I hope to come to Glasgow again, and to do more good in it. If all the hairs of mine head were priests they should all come into the kingdom.*'

" 'And do you not,' saith the Archbishop, 'esteem it a fault to go against the King's commandment, especially on this point of discharging you his kingdom. If a king have any power within his kingdom, it seems he may rid himself and

his country of those with whom he is offended : and it savours of great rebellion to say otherwise.'

"To this Ogilvie replied : 'I am a subject as free as the King is a King ; he cannot discharge me if I be not an offender, which I am not.' And being asked for what offences he might be discharged by the King, answered : 'in the cases of theft and murder.'

"'All this while,' said the Archbishop, 'you came not to answer anything to the points of your indictment. Why did you decline his Majesty's authority, and refuse to show your opinion anent the Pope's power in deposing Kings and loosing subjects from their oath of allegiance ? And when it was asked you if it were lawful to slay the King, being deposed and excommunicated by the Pope, which any loyal-hearted subject will abhor to think of, why did you not simply condemn it as unlawful ? For in that you do not condemn it, you show yourself of the opinion of the rest of your sect, who in their books maintain, that it is both lawful and commendable to slay Kings, if the Pope's commission go forth once for it.'

"'For the declining of the King's authority,' saith he, 'I will do it still in matters of religion, for with such matters he hath nothing to do ; neither have I done any other thing but that which the ministers did at Dundee ; they would not acknowledge his Majesty's authority in spiritual matters more than I, and the best ministers of the land are still of that mind, and if they be wise, will continue so.'

"The Archbishop replied 'that he was mistaken both in the place and matter ; for it was not at Dundee, but Aberdeen, where eight ministers meeting to a general assembly, contended not against the King's authority, but that the assembly called to that place and time, could not be discharged by his Majesty's Commissioner : neither should the fact of a few taken at the worst be esteemed the deed of the whole. These have been punished for their offences, and some of them have confessed their error, and been graciously pardoned by his Majesty. All good ministers profess otherwise, and our religion teacheth us to acknowledge his Majesty, our only supreme judge in all causes. The King is keeper of both Tables, and his place bears him not only to the ruling of his subjects in justice and preserving equity amongst them ; but even to maintain religion and God's pure worship, of which he should have principal care. Your lord, the Pope, hath not only denied this authority to

kings, which God giveth them, but usurping to himself a power of deposing and killing when he is displeased; and it were the less to be regarded if this his usurpation had gone no further than your pains: but you have entered by this pretended right the throats of the greatest kings, as you practised upon the last Henries of France bear witness. You are not able to lay such imputation upon us nor our profession, which teaches that next unto God Almighty, all men are bound to fear, serve, and honour their kings. But what answer you touching these demands? Hath the Pope power to depose the King? Or is it not murder to kill him, being deposed by the Pope?

"I refused before," said he, "to answer such questions, because in answering I should acknowledge you judges in controversies of religion, which I do not. I will not cast holy things to dogs."

"And is it," said the Archbishop, "a point of faith that the Pope may depose his Majesty? Or do you think it a controversy in religion, whether his Majesty (whom God save) may be lawfully killed or not?"

"To this Ogilvie replied: 'It is a question amongst the Doctors of the Church, and many hold the affirmative, not improbably. A Council hath not yet determined the point; and if it shall be concluded by the Church, that the Pope hath such power, I will give my life in defence of it; and if I had a thousand lives I would bestow them that way if they will make an article of faith of it?' Being urged to declare his own opinion, especially on that point, whether it were murder to kill his Majesty, being deposed by the Pope, he answered: "that he would not say it were unlawful though he should save his life by it." Then going on with a long speech on the Pope's power, affirmed the King to be subject to him, by the virtue of Christ saying to Peter: '*Pasce oves meas.*' That if the King offended against the Catholic Church, the Pope might punish him as well as a shepherd or the poorest fellow in the country. That in abrogating the Pope's authority, the estates of parliament had gone beyond their limits, and that the King in usurping the Pope's right had lost his own. '*Nam qui rapit jus alienum,*' said he, '*perdit jus ad suum.*'

"Being asked touching the oath of allegiance, why he did condemn it, and the same being read unto him, said: 'It was a damnable oath, against God and His truth and that it was treason to swear it; because it brought the King's person and

state in danger; since this kingdom,' said he, 'was Christian the Pope's supreme power was always acknowledged; this being cast off (as we see in the Act of your Parliament), against all reason and conscience, and subjects forced to swear to a matter so unlawful, what marvel that attempts and dangerous courses be taken against him? *Justissima lex est, ut quæ agit aliquis, talia patiatur.* But would the King leave off his usurping upon the Pope he might live without fear, as well as the King of Spain or any other Christian prince.' And with this he intermixed some speeches of his own service and the service of other Jesuits done to his Majesty, whereof he said: 'neither bishop nor minister, nor all the bishops and ministers in his Majesty's kingdoms, had done or could do the like.'

"The further he proceeded in speaking, his speeches still grew to be the more intolerable; therefore, the Archbishop of Glasgow, willing him to make an end, did close all with some words to the jury to this effect. 'Gentlemen, and others who are named upon this assize, though I minded to have said nothing, but sitting here a witness of the proceeding, I have been forced, by his proud and impudent speeches, somewhat to reply; and must, with your patience, say a little more. It is this same day two-and-twenty weeks past that this prisoner fell into mine hands; since that time he hath leisure to think enough what course was fittest for himself to take for satisfying his Majesty, whom he had offended: neither hath he lacked counsel and advice, the best that we could give him. Besides, he hath found on our part nothing but courteous dealing and better entertainment than (I must now say it) he hath deserved. Mine own hopes were that he would have followed another course than I see he hath taken, and not stand to the answers which he made to those demands, which were moved unto him by his Majesty's Commissioners, as you have seen; but if his answers at the first were treasonable, they are now so little bettered, as in all your hearings he hath uttered speeches most detestable, made a commentary worse than the text was, and showed himself to carry the mind of an arrant and desperate traitor. You perceive he obscures not his affection towards the King's Majesty, our Sovereign, in all his speeches; preferring the Pope to his Majesty, and which is more intolerable, affirmeth the King's Majesty to have lost the right of his kingdom by usurping upon the Pope. He will not say it is unlawful to kill his Majesty; he says it is treason for subjects to swear the

oath of allegiance, and meaneth so much in his last words as the King's Majesty's life and estate cannot be assured, except he render himself the Pope's vassal.'

"Thus hath he left you little to do, except that his Majesty's pleasure is, the ordinary form be kept with him, you should never need once to remove; all his speeches have been so stuffed with treason that I am sure the patience of the noblemen and others here present hath been much provoked.

"In all that he hath said I can mark but two things alleged by him for the Pope's authority over kings, the words of our Saviour to St. Peter, *Pasce oves meas*—"Feed my sheep," and the subjection of kings, especially of our kings, since the kingdom became Christian, to the Pope. For the words of our Saviour, how little they serve his purpose, I have no need to tell you. To feed the sheep of Christ is not, I hope, to depose kings from their estates, nor to inflame the hearts of subjects against princes, much less to kill and despatch them. We are better taught than to be deceived with such glosses. St. Peter made never that sense of those words, and teacheth us a far other doctrine in his first Epistle, fifth chapter, and second and third verse.

"I will not spend time with such purpose, only this I must say, that whatsoever was St. Peter's prerogative, the Pope of Rome hath nothing to do with it, for he cannot be St. Peter's successor that hath forsaken his doctrine, and gone against his practice directly, both in that and other points of Christian faith. And for the antiquity of his usurped power I may justly say that Master Ogilvie is not well seen in antiquity, or then speaketh against his knowledge, when he saith that this power of the Pope was ever acknowledged by Christian kings. The Bishops of Rome for many years made no such claims, neither did emperors or kings ever dream of subjection. Long it was ere the Pope of Rome came to the height of commanding kings, and not till he had oppressed the Church under the pretext of St. Peter's Keys bearing down all the Bishops within Christendom; which having done, then he made his invasion upon princes, and that by degrees. The histories of all ages make this plain, and the resisting he found by kings in their kingdoms testifieth that they never acknowledged his superiority. Of our own, howbeit as we lie far from his seat, so had we less business and fewer occasions of contradiction, yet can I make it seen, in divers particulars, when any question fell out anent

the provision of Bishops and Archbishops to their places, the Bulls of Rome were so little respected, as the King's predecessors have always preferred and borne out their own choice, and the interdictions made upon the realm by these occasions, not without some imputation of weakness to the See Apostolic, have been recalled. The superstitions of Rome were amongst us last embraced, and with the first, by the mercies of God, shaken off. Whatsoever you brag of your antiquity, it is false, both in this and all the points of your profession else, which I could clear if this time or place were fitting. But to you of this jury I have this only more to say, you are to inquire upon the verity of indictment, whether such and such things as are alleged to be committed by him have been so or not. You have his subscription, which he acknowledgeth; you hear himself, and how he hath most treasonably disavowed his Majesty's authority. It concerns you only to pronounce as you shall find verified by the speeches that you have heard, and the testimonies produced. For the rest, the Justices know sufficiently what to do, and will serve God and his Majesty according to the commission given them.'

"Master William Hay, Advocate for his Majesty, asked instruments upon the prisoner's treasonable speeches uttered in the hearing of the jury, and his ratification of the former answers made to his Majesty's Commissioners. Likewise, for the further clearing of the indictment, repeated the Acts of Parliament mentioned in the said indictment, with the Act of Privy Council made anent his Majesty's supremacy, and the oath of allegiance; and desired the jury deeply to weigh and consider the perverse and devilish disposition of the party accused, to the effect they might without scruple proceed in his conviction. And according to his place protested for wilful error if they should acquit him of any point contained in the said indictment."

"The persons named upon the jury removed to the higher house, which was prepared for them; and having elected Sir George Elphinstone Chancellor, all in one voice found the prisoner GUILTY of the whole treasonable crimes contained in the indictment. Which being reported by the said Sir George Elphinstone, and confirmed by the whole jury, then returned into the Court, judgment was given by direction of the Justices, That the said John Ogilvie, for the treasons by him committed, should be HANGED and QUARTERED.

"The Archbishop of Glasgow demanded if Ogilvie would say anything else? Ogilvie answered, 'No, my lord; but I give your lordship thanks for your kindness, and will desire your hand.'

"The Archbishop said, 'If you shall acknowledge your fault done to his Majesty, and crave God and his Highness' pardon, I will give you both hand and heart, for I wish you to die a good Christian.'

"Then Ogilvie asked, 'If he should be licensed to speak to the people?'

"The Archbishop answered, 'If you will declare that you suffer according to the law, justly for your offence, and crave his Majesty's pardon for your treasonable speeches, you shall be licensed to say what you please; otherwise you ought not to be permitted.'

"Then said he, 'God have mercy upon me!' And cried aloud, 'If there be here any hidden Catholics, let them pray for me; but the prayers of heretics I will not have.' And so the court arose."

We have given the trial of Father Ogilvie from the official records almost word for word; though perhaps throwing ourselves open to the accusation of having wearied the reader. But it is satisfactory to have the worst that had been charged against the martyr put unabridgedly and in the very words of his persecutors. We have in such a record the whole unvarnished statement of his offence. If aught else could have been set down against him, would it have been omitted? Even on the showing of the indictment, which formed the ground of the proceedings at his trial, he died a martyr for the Papal Supremacy. Doubtless each form was observed that custom demanded in the course of such a case in those days; and although those forms are not detailed, nor even alluded to in the report, yet we have no reason for stating that they were passed over. On the contrary, they were used if for no other purpose but to give the colour of justice to proceedings which were most unjust. This trial was anything but a righteous one. The foreman of the jury (chancellor he was styled in those days) had been twice, on this very case, commissioned Judge, namely, October 15th, and about the middle of December, 1614! There served also on that jury the descendant of the man who had no second rôle given him in the tragedy of the murder of the (Catholic) Archbishop of St. Andrew's, that man was Hugh

Crawford of Jordan Hill. Good notes are not attached to the names of Provost Kennedy and John Stewart, burgess of Ayr.¹⁷ The foreman gave in the verdict in writing to the court; the sentence was written out by the clerk; and the dempster¹⁸ was summoned to read the doom—sentence of death. A wax taper was lighted and quenched, emblematical of the extinction of the prisoner's life on the scaffold.¹⁹

Father Ogilvie did not leave the Town Hall; he merely turned his face to the wall and knelt and prayed. Only three hours passed between the reading of his doom and his death. The trial lasted two hours. When the martyr was brought forth from the prison on the road to the scaffold, he was met by the heretical minister and gaol officials. Mr. Browne, and other Catholic gentlemen were also close at hand. The minister addressed the Father, and expressed the extremely kind feeling he had for him. "Oh, how much I grieve for you, my dear Ogilvie," he said, "who are knowingly and wilfully casting yourself into the jaws of an infamous death." Then the Father, feigning fear, said, "Just as if my life hung on my own free will. I am accounted guilty of high treason, and for that I am condemned." "Have done," said the minister, "with that crime of yours. Give up the Pope and Papistry, and you shall be forgiven that crime, and I will reward you with gifts." "You mock me," said the Father. "I speak seriously and with certain authority," subjoined the minister. "My Lord Archbishop gave commission to me to promise you his daughter in marriage, and the richest prebend of the diocese as her dowry, provided I found you willing to step over from your religion to ours." Whilst these things were being said they reached the scaffold. The minister urged the Father to be willing to live. The Father replied that he was willing, but not with disgrace. "I have said, and repeat," urged the minister, "that you may live with honour." "Would you be willing to say that, so that the people could hear?" "By all means," he replied. "Listen all present," cried Father Ogilvie, "to what the minister is going to say to us." Then the minister gave out: "I promise to Mr. Ogilvie life, the Lord Archbishop's daughter, and a very rich prebend, provided he be willing to come over to our side." "Do

¹⁷ Livingstone's *Memorable Characteristics*, 336, 337.

¹⁸ "In one of Sir Walter Scott's novels there is an account of a trial where the Dempster pronounces the sentence. . . . You may safely trust to Sir Walter's accuracy."—Letter from William F. Skene, February 8, 1878.

¹⁹ *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, ch. xxiv. Note T.

you hear this?" said the Father; "and will you confirm it as witnesses when it shall be needed?" "We have heard," cried the people, "and we will confirm it. Go down, Mr. Ogilvie, go down!" Upon this the Catholics began to tremble, and the heretics to triumph. "There is no fear then that I shall be held hereafter as guilty of high treason?" "By no means!" all the people from the street cried out together. "I stand here, therefore, a criminal on the head of religion alone?" "Of that alone!" they cry out. "Very well!" triumphantly exclaimed the Father. "That is plenty. On the head of religion alone I am condemned, and for that I would willingly and joyfully pour forth even a hundred lives. Snatch away that one which I have from me, and make no delay about it, but my religion you will never snatch away from me!" At this the Catholics raised their heads in triumph, whilst the heretics who had been thus taken in were in a fury, and above all the minister, who harshly received the Father as he was preparing to say more, and commanded him to be led away to the scaffold as quickly as possible.²⁰

The Sheriff, the Archbishop's officers, and two of the city ministers, Struthers and Scott, not forgetting Father Abercrombie accompanied the martyr from the Town Hall to the scaffold.²¹

The hangman, on being introduced, made an apology; but Father Ogilvie told him not to mind making excuses, and received the fellow cordially. Along the corridors of the Tolbooth and into the open air, even in the very thick of the crowd gathered to witness the execution, one of the ministers ceased not to tempt the Father to forego his crown by accepting the bribes he had been empowered to offer. Even at the foot of the ladder leading up to the scaffold, his life was promised

²⁰ Attestation of Father James Browne, S.J. Signed at Douay, Feb. 23, 1672 (Original MSS. at Preshome).

²¹ We have made inquiries through Dr. Arthur Mitchell, a well-known antiquarian, and the letters he received to his questions concerning the structure of the scaffold in 1615 in Scotland, from Messrs. W. F. Skene, Æneas Mackay, and Joseph Anderson of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, do not afford precise information. It is our opinion there were two ladders, one springing from the street to the platform, and another from the platform, leaning against the gibbet. On the latter the martyr stood, having the rope about his neck, and when ready the executioner withdrew the ladder. Sir Walter Scott quotes a rhyme of the Edinburgh street-boys which somewhat illustrates this description—

Up the lang ladder,
And down the little tow.

him in exchange for his faith. Nor gold, nor bribe, nor life itself, all which were within his reach, made him for a moment stay his step on the road to death. His strength was broken down—how else could it have been? and so feeble was he that he crawled up the ladder. On getting upon the platform he kissed the gibbet. Father Abercrombie stood near him. A minister was also there. The minister cried out, "Ogilvie is to die for treason!" The martyr, hearing this, shook his head, showing the minister lied. He would have spoken, but was not allowed. "Don't mind their lies, John; the more wrongs the better," said Father Abercrombie. Some one shouted, "Off with that other traitor!" No sooner said than done: an officer cast Father Abercrombie headforemost into the crowd. "Are you not," said the minister, "afraid to die?" "I fear death," answered Father Ogilvie, "as much as you do your dinner."

It was, very probably, just before his hands were bound that he flung his Rosary beads (his farewell gift to the Catholics present) into the crowd about the scaffold—an incident forming an episode in this history.

His Rosary struck the breast of a young nobleman who was on his travels in these kingdoms. He was a foreigner and a heretic—his name, Baron John ab Eckersdorff. "I was on my travels through England and Scotland—as it is the custom of our nobility—being a mere stripling, and not having the faith. I happened to be in Glasgow the day Father Ogilvie was led forth to the gallows, and it is impossible for me to describe his lofty bearing in meeting death. His farewell to the Catholics was his casting into their midst, from the scaffold, his rosary beads just before he met his fate. That rosary, thrown haphazard, struck me on the breast in such wise that I could have caught it in the palm of my hand; but there was such a rush and crush of the Catholics to get hold of it, that unless I wished to run the risk of being trodden down, I had to cast it from me. Religion was the last thing I was then thinking about: it was not in my mind at all; yet from that moment I had no rest. Those rosary beads had left a wound in my soul; go where I would I had no peace of mind. Conscience was disturbed, and the thought would haunt me: why did the martyr's rosary strike me, and not another? For years I asked myself this question—it followed me about everywhere. At last conscience won the day. I became a Catholic; I abandoned Calvinism; and this happy change I attribute to the martyr's beads, and to

no other cause—those beads which, if I had them now, gold could not tempt me to part with; and if gold could purchase them, I should not spare it.”²²

The martyr prayed in these words:

Maria, Mater gratiæ, ora pro me!
Omnes Angeli, orate pro me!
Omnes Sancti, Sanctæque, orate pro me!

He was turned off the ladder, his left foot resting slightly on one of the bars for an instant, and hung till dead. Father Abercrombie, standing in the crowd, gave him absolution. This, it would seem, had been arranged between them. “There was a man (Father Abercrombie) seen to attend him carefully, and was ever heard asking Ogilvie some token before his death; for which and other business he made with him, he was put off the scaffold.”²³ The execution took place at the Cross,²⁴ Tuesday, at four o’clock, afternoon, March 10, 1615. The rope was cut and the body fell with a thud on the planks beneath. The hangman and some officials, all heretics, put the body into the coffin. It was borne up the High Street and lowered into the grave made for it in the ground where malefactors were buried.”

The malefactors’ ground lies on the north side of the Cathedral, about twenty yards from the western door. The pilgrim can easily find it out. It is a square patch close by the Cathedral wall, and bounded on the north by the footpath running down the centre of that portion of the “High Kirk Yard.”²⁵ It is a grass-grown spot, no stones marking the graves of those who sleep the sleep of Death with him who sealed in blood his faith in the Supremacy of the Fisherman.

D. C.

²² See Attestation of Father Boleslaus Balbinus, S.J., *Preshome MSS.*

²³ Pitcairn, vol. iii. (Father Ogilvie’s execution).

²⁴ “xxix. Febii. Glascuæ beati Joannis Ogilbii Societatis Jesu presbyteri, qui celebrato sacro captus multarum noctium dierumque in somnio tortus, in foro publice vitam laqueo finivit, aut verius mutavit: extant Romæ acta a seipso in custodia conscripta” (*Mendogium Scotorum*, Thos. Dempstereus. Bononiæ. M.DC.XXII.).

²⁵ St. Ninian, the Apostle of Galloway, consecrated the cemetery which lies around the Cathedral of Glasgow.

Teutonic English and its Debasers.

PART THE FIRST.

Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos
Prima cadunt : ita verborum vetus interit ætas
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.

ONE of the many things on which our age is wont to pride itself is its enlightened appreciation of the records of the past. The manuscripts which our forefathers stowed away in corners, or only reproduced in a modernized form, have now been edited and printed, and facsimiled, with a comment on every dot and erasure, while the publications of the Camden Society, of the Rolls Series, of the Early English Text Society, and half a dozen more, are placing all our most valuable documents in the hands of every idle reader. In one respect, however, the learned men of our age are like their predecessors. Their own enlightenment has filled them with an extravagant enthusiasm, and just as Europe in the Renaissance could tolerate nothing that was not classical, just as modern architecture has raved and torn its hair over the divine Gothic, so, if we were given up to the will of some of our countrymen, we should be allowed to read, speak, or think of nothing but of our Teutonic forefathers living in primitive village communities, or writing metreless alliterative poems in unintelligible Anglo-Saxon. A work, which has some claim on our attention for a reason to be mentioned later, affords a conspicuous example of the spirit of which I am speaking, and a short account of it may perhaps help to give a more definite idea of some of the questions which this paper proposes to discuss.

The Sources of Standard English,¹ by Mr. Kington Oliphant, is a book which among a certain class of readers is very highly thought of. It has been favourably welcomed by the leading reviews, and it has moreover once received the honour of being chosen as a text-book for the examinations of the London University. Mr. Oliphant undertakes the task of sketching

¹ *The Sources of Standard English.* By T. L. Kington Oliphant, M.A. London : Macmillan, 1873.

the course of our language from the rise of its pure waters in Central Asia to their diffusion over the world in modern times, polluted by the sewerage of penny-a-liners. However, this purpose is evidently subsidiary to the author's higher aim of being the prophet of Teutonism. He preaches, indeed, with all the enthusiasm of a man devoted heart and soul to a noble cause. "Away with Romance words, let us have nothing but Anglo-Saxon," is his motto, and the uncompromising precept is well seconded by defiant and obtrusive example. The word *language* for instance scarcely occurs in the entire volume; it is always our *tongue* or our *speech*; *rede* is used for *counsel*; Mr. Oliphant will not speak of *poets*, but he revives the old Anglo-Saxon term *shapers* or *makers*. Moreover, his sympathies are evidently attracted towards those who, like our forefathers, talk of *wapses*, *his-self*, *the kettle biling*; and the accumulation of negatives, such as *I ain't said nothing about it to nobody*, appears in his eyes as quite an amiable weakness. To all such upholders of antiquity his gentle reproach would be, Ye "love not wisely but too well."

In the historical part of his work, Mr. Oliphant does not pretend to much originality. His account of the English dialects is based upon the researches of Drs. March and Morris, for, to quote his own vigorous Saxon phrase, he "would be the greatest of fools" who should undertake to write about the English tongue without the aid of their grammatical works. There is one theory, however, which he claims as exclusively his own. It consists in assigning the decay of the Teutonic element in our language to the influence of the religious orders, and notably of the Franciscans in the thirteenth century. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, this view, as was to be expected, has found favour in many quarters, and will perhaps be worth discussing at length in a future article. For the present we will confine our attention to some of the more fundamental tenets of the new creed of Teutonism.

In the first place, it should be observed that in one respect at least the upholders of the old Anglo-Saxon have a claim upon our sympathy. They have set themselves to combat modern penny-a-linerism, and in this purpose they are impetuous, vigilant, and persevering. Mr. Oliphant, for instance, seems to have devoted himself to the task of detecting and gibbeting all the barbarous words which he comes across; and certainly the number of such vermin which he nails up as scarecrows is astounding.

As his name has been mentioned here, principally to serve as an object of attack, it will perhaps only be fair to quote a few lines as a specimen of much that is valuable and clever in the *Sources of Standard English*.

"Our middle class," says the author, "have an amazing love of cumbrous Latin words, which have not long been in vogue. This is seen in their early life. Winchester and Eton may call themselves *colleges*, Harrow and Rugby may call themselves *schools*, but the place where the offspring of our shopkeepers are taught bad French and worse Latin is an *educational establishment*, or a *polite seminary*. As the pupils grow older they do not care to read about a *fair lady*, but they are at once drawn to a *female possessing considerable personal attractions*. A *brawl* is a word good enough for a scuffle between peasants, but when one half-tipsy alderman mauls another the brawl becomes a *fracas*. An *émeute* is a far genteeler word than a *riot*. A farmer when he grows rich prides himself on being an *eminent agriculturist*. The corruption is now spreading downwards to the lower classes; they are beginning to think that an *operative* is something better than a *workman*. We may call King David a *singer*, but a triller of Italian trills must be known as a *vocalist*."²

This is all perfectly true, and when Mr. Oliphant characterizes these phrases as "sewage," and playfully alludes to a certain daily paper, with the largest circulation in the world, as the *cloaca maxima*, nobody will feel inclined to quarrel with him. But even here his indignation tends to carry him to extremes, and it does not follow of course, because this rubbish is anti-Teutonic, that all Romance words are therefore at all times to be avoided. For instance, it appears some one has lately been founting an hospital for *inebriates*. The word is held up by Mr. Oliphant for the execration of all true lovers of pure English. Undoubtedly it is to be desired that the phrase should not come into common use in the interests of general morality, even more than for philological reasons; but still are there no possible circumstances which could justify its employment? If we may put the case without disrespect to Mr. Oliphant, supposing a near relative of his were unfortunately afflicted with an ungovernable craving for stimulants, would he have the courage to call a spade a spade, and speak of the seclusion of one of his family in an asylum for *drunkards*?

In fact, there are so many euphemisms which are inexorably forced upon us by the commonest politeness, that it is not easy to draw a hard and fast line between coarseness and affectation.

Granting, however, that the abuse of the present style of writing in our newspapers has been most richly deserved, we shall not be so inclined to admit that this censure should be extended further to all words of foreign origin. The whole system of our modern reformers proceeds upon the assumption that the Anglo-Saxon element in our language is superior to that which we have imported from abroad. Here, then, is the real point at issue. Is there such superiority? What is its nature? These are questions which require to be carefully considered.

The reason given by Teutonic enthusiasts for their attack upon the use of Romance words is often expressed in the cant phrase that they are "foreign to the genius of the language." Many choice metaphors are called in to illustrate the same idea. "They have not the ring of the true coin about them" is as old as the days of Horace; "they are the brick and the stucco that have replaced the good old stone" is Mr. Oliphant's favourite; "they jar upon us like a false note," "they are aliens, bastards," and so on. Now, have these phrases any foundation in fact? It is to be observed that we are dealing only with individual words, not with general questions of style or construction, and remembering this, I contend that there is no such essential difference between Teutonic and Romance; that in fact the "genius of our language" has no meaning of that mysterious kind which the phrase is intended to convey. If an English Missionary goes to China and finds it necessary to call himself Foo Chang instead of Tomkins or Robinson, he may write home and tell his friends that the family patronymic was found unsuitable to the genius of the language; the phrase is lofty, but the idea is as simple as you please. Again, if the vowel-loving Italian cannot find his way through a jungle of Polish consonants, we may say that the Polish word is foreign to the genius of his language, but we still have none of those mysterious influences which that expression seems to imply. Thus one language may be monosyllabic and incapable of tolerating words of a different constitution, and others may be averse to particular sounds, or particular combinations of sound, but if it is pretended that there is anything more subtle than this, any mysterious reason why b-a-d should have an

inherent fitness which does not belong to b-a-b, I think we have a right to look for a very particular and minute explanation. This explanation may be offered perhaps on the following grounds, but it will be my aim to show at the same time that in the practical question which we are considering it has no application.

The action, it might be urged, of the laws of association in the human mind is very wonderful and very subtle. If we try to examine how we remember things, it seems marvellous to us what odd little bits of thread memory makes use of to pull the springs of her pigeon-holes. But the most wonderful thread and the most universally employed is that combination of sounds which we call a word. Never was there a greater fallacy than is contained in the sentence: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." There are philosophers who tell us that there can be no reasoning without words, or again, that general notions are nothing more than names. Now, it would seem to follow from this, that a word which has once become recognized as part of a language can never be fully and entirely replaced by a new one. The old term has a hold upon the minds of all those who speak that language, and although in each individual the impression it calls forth may not be quite identical, still as a whole the associations connected with it will be the same. The word will have a derivation, and in many cases an obvious derivation, linking it with impressions derived from other words. These will often be old memories, national aspirations, national prejudices, and thus the "genius of a language" becomes intimately bound up with what is undoubtedly a real and very subtle influence indeed, the genius of a national character. What was the word *maker* or *shaper* to the Anglo Saxon? Its derivation was as clear to him as *ποιητής* was to the Greek. It conveyed no idea of sickly sentiment, of serenades and moonlight, of long-hair and scented note-paper, but it taught him that the poet wrought his verse as the smith forged his iron, that the noblest making was the making of the intellect; that the bard was a working member of the community, not less useful but of a higher order, than those who laboured with their hands. It would have reminded him too, as no foreign word could have done, of the minstrelsy of the past, of the Beowulf and the lay of Cædmon, and have heated his blood with the thought of the old war-songs, that stirred the souls of his forefathers in conflict with their foes.

But besides this we have to reckon the preposterous length, the foreign form of the words which have taken the place of the old Teutonic. It is a misfortune, and no one can deny that it is a misfortune, that we should express in fifty syllables what can be said far more forcibly in a dozen. English lips have never been trained to pronounce such words as Johnson's "depeditating obtunding anfractuositities," and not only is it true that a halting stumbling utterance is the result, but with terminations like *-ology, -ibility, -ation*, we expose ourselves to the danger of an unmusical jingle. Finally, such words imply the continual use of the abstract for the concrete and consequent obscurity, long involved sentences and consequent strain on the attention, the sacrifice of all briskness and lightness and consequent want of interest.

Something such as this, I imagine, would be the account given by a Teutonic enthusiast of the more subtle influences of words and of the disadvantages attending a Romance diction.³ This style of argument cannot be fairly met by generalities. We must have recourse to some extent to particular instances, and we must seek to find the definite objections which can be raised against this or that class of words, or again the secret of the superiority of others. The first step in this direction will be to call attention to a very important distinction.

Our speech, as we all know, has sustained two great inroads of Romance words, one of French in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which was the result of the Norman Conquest; the other of Latin in the sixteenth and seventeenth, the result of the New Learning, which, Mr. Oliphant is pleased to inform us, was one with the Reformation. Now it is the fashion to deplore the first of these inroads as the heaviest blow our

³ I venture to think that I have done our modern reformers no injustice by the vagueness of the argument attributed to them. There is a certain airiness about their reasoning, which seems to have extended itself to literary antiquarians from their brethren who investigate primitive history and mythology. We may readily admit the fact of the existence of subtle associations in words. But what inference can be drawn from it? Not that Teutonic words are in our day richer in associations than all others, but only that these associations are purely subjective. Words are not like wine, whose flavour improves by keeping in consequence of real chemical changes in its molecules. In themselves always the same, they are dependent for everything outside their direct meaning upon the mind of the individual. Their value is readily gained and readily lost, and each one learns to estimate it not through any pleasure or pain depending on the senses, but through the more fickle judgments of taste and education. It should be remembered that every word in the language has at some time or other been as new to each of us individually as the last importation of our penny-a-liners.

language ever sustained, but to look upon the second only as the fruit of an increased intellectual activity. But this is in fact exactly to reverse the true statement of the case. We have to thank the pedantry of the seventeenth century for all that is really objectionable in Romance words, whereas those which belong to an earlier period are for most purposes as valuable as the primitive Teutonic. It would be absurd to deny that in such pairs of words as *vituperate* and *scold*, *acrimonious* and *bitter*, *remuneration* and *wages*, *minatory expressions* and *threats*, the Saxon word is to be preferred to the other. Now how can we explain this preference? Three reasons suggest themselves to which most cases can be reduced. In the first place, the Romance word may be in a long and obviously foreign form. Secondly, it may be new and consequently deficient in associations and meaning. Thirdly, being used in English only as a faded metaphor it may be more feeble than a word which has both a literal and a figurative sense. To take a few examples—*incomprehensibility*, *peregrination*, *similitude* may be objected to for their length and form, in common with a vast number of the phrases we most commonly employ. Again *ingurgitate*, *dubiety*, *on the tapis*, and many tawdry expressions of this kind, would fall under the second objection. They have no associations connected with them, no particular meaning, and may very properly be rejected as superfluous. And for an instance of the third class, we may take the words *bitter* and *acrimonious* or perhaps better *grasp* and *comprehend*. The original meaning is in both cases much the same, but in a man's "power of *grasping* a subject" we have a living metaphor, whereas *comprehension* is a weaker word which makes no vivid impression. This classification of objections is not offered as a perfect one, but it will serve our present purpose. All that it is important to notice is that in each case the objection is weakened, if not entirely set aside, in the case of words which came in before the fifteenth century. In the first place, by the double grinding process to which they were subjected in Gaul and in our own country, our early importations have been reduced to a simple form and to moderate dimensions. Most of them, in fact, present nothing which an Englishman who knew no French could possibly suspect to be of foreign origin. Consider these for instance, *brave*, *part*, *noble*, *prove*, *faith*, *mercy*, *pray*, *battle*, *provoke*, and hundreds more. Is there any conceivable reason for objecting to them as less useful English words than

those which we brought from the forests of Germany? Again five hundred years has surely been a sufficient period for these foreign intruders to make themselves at home in England. They have formed associations in every direction, and have bound themselves so closely to us, that it would tear the very substance of our language to part with them. Lastly, the metaphorical and literal uses to which these old French words may be put are not more limited than in the case of our native terms, the simple reason being as before that without some knowledge of French and Latin we cannot tell one from the other. There are many like *choose*, *ric't*, *lake*, *stable*, in which even philologists dispute whether their present form be taken from the Latin or the French.

However, in spite of these obvious truths, the feebleness of the Romance, or at least the great superiority of the Teutonic element is still persistently maintained, and on seeking for reasons it will be found that the main plea urged for the preference reduces itself to this. In a certain number of words like *enemy* and *foe*, *counsel* and *rede*, *provoke* and *twit*, *place* and *stead*, *person* and *wight*, we have what we think to be an instinctive feeling that one is good old sterling Saxon, or that it sounds better, or is the word which the poets use. The fact is indisputable, but what is its explanation? A very simple one I think. One of the synonyms is quaint, and has a smack of archaism about it, whereas the other is what we hear every day. There is no such difference between *brave* and *bold*, *pray* and *beseech*, *shout* and *cry*, because both words are equally common. The distinction, therefore, between Teutonic and Romance is not the distinction between stone and brick, between an honest coin and its brass imitation. The old Saxon word may really please us more than its modern rival, but it is pure fancy; the fancied relish of home-made bread or home-made ale, as compared with the equally wholesome productions of our baker or our brewer. And the most conclusive indication of the truth of this view lies in the fact that we have the same admiration for "the *strait* and narrow way," "the land our *sires* have won for us," "a simple village *dame*." Yet *strait*, *sire*, *dame*, and some few others of the same sort, are Romance words which have become a little quaint and out of the way. To apply here my last illustration, the cook has spoilt our bread, and we innocently smack our lips over the loaves which have been surreptitiously brought in from the tradesman round the corner.

It appears, then, that we have little reason for regretting the first importation of the Romance element; but we have still less for introducing a number of the old words at the present day, as our modern reformers suggest. It is this proposal which now claims our attention. If we could transport ourselves to the middle of the thirteenth century, we should come upon the greatest crisis in the history of our tongue. The old Teutonic words were disappearing by hundreds, simply dying out and leaving blank, unfilled vacancies in the language. The decay was rapid, but still it was not so rapid, that one day a word was vigorous and thriving, and the next was utterly extinct, blown out like the flame of a candle. This was not the work of a month, or a year, or of twenty years, but one whose extreme limits can never be definitely ascertained. For a long time the old English had been confined to the poorer folk; it had found its most influential and educated patrons only in the monasteries and village churches; it had lost all vigour and vitality beyond those common words which every-day use required. During all these years the less common synonyms were like embers smouldering on the hearth, which would have been kindled by the slightest breath. But when at last in the days of Simon-de-Montfort the old Anglo-Saxon did begin to assert itself once more, the spark was quenched, and the old roots could never put forth branches again. At such a period a great deal of what is now said by Teutonic enthusiasts would have had its just application. Those old phrases, heard only from the lips of the aged, which seemed to belong of right to their prayers, their hymns, and their minstrelsy, were still within call, full of latent power, rich with associations, and worth far more to the Englishman of that day than new-fangled Latin or French. But now, I contend, the state of affairs is utterly different. To the great mass of English speakers, nay, more—to the great mass of men of average education—the words which then perished are entirely unknown. How many of us are able to read Chaucer without a glossary? How many can give an account of such common words as *steven*, *lic*, *he coft*, *sackless*, which flourished down to much later times, and some of which still survive in the vocabulary of provincial dialects? To introduce such words into modern literature, is to all intents and purposes to introduce new words. It may, perhaps, in many cases be convenient to have a synonym. It will often suit the metre of poetry to use *rede* instead of *counsel*, to *let*

instead of to *hinder*. But we must not shut our eyes to the fact, that whatever subtle essence they once possessed, whatever flavour of association our forefathers once found in them, for us at least the essence has all evaporated, and the appreciation of the flavour is only an acquired taste. A word can surely have no secret charm over the minds of Englishmen when they have to search the dictionary in order to learn its meaning. It can never be powerful and pregnant so long as its uses become familiar only through a painful course of Anglo-Saxon literature. The great writers, then, who are called upon to restore our obsolete Saxon, might just as well meet together to frame a list of pretty-sounding names, like those which the fancy of Mr. Jones the builder invents for a row of gaudy suburban villas, and force them upon the language by the weight of their high authority. There is really no more reason for reviving Saxon words than there is for reviving Gothic words, or primitive Aryan words, or words that belonged to the primeval Basque which Adam and Eve are fabled to have spoken in Paradise. Each of these stages of language has been an imperceptible growth out of the one that preceded it, and when the term is equally obsolete it makes little difference whether it flourished in the earlier stage or in the later.

However, the great mass of words which an attempt has been made to restore, are words which still survive in the English Bible, or in what may be called the modern poets, say from Shakspere downwards. These words are considered to be the exclusive property of poetry and one or two other small divisions of literature. We retain them and admire them in their place: there is something very pleasant in their archaism; they are quaint, or simple, or homely, or sometimes grand. But when we attempt to make these words part of the language of common life, we should remember that we are using a weapon which cuts two ways. If they become too familiar in ordinary use, all their quaint naïveté is lost. We do not make them unfit for poetry, but we deprive them of all that distinguishes them from those which are commonly on our lips. If we are always wearing our holiday clothes, holidays will be just like other days. What can be the object of transferring such words as *light*, *y-clept*, *rede*, or *wight* into our every-day vocabulary? We may talk of *folk* in fairy tales, or in historical accounts of the Anglo-Saxons, or in translations of the classic poets; but would it not be mere presumption for any of our great writers

to insist upon our speaking of the mercantile enterprize of the English *folk* or of the misgovernment of the *folk* of India? To take any step in this direction is really to make an attack upon the greatest advantage we have derived from the mixture of races—the broad, yet subtle distinctions in our vocabulary. The French, for instance, have to write their tragedies in almost identically the same language which they employ for the drama of common life or for sober history. We feel that they are at a disadvantage in consequence, and we could never strike a heavier blow to literature than by reducing ourselves to the same necessity. However, as the danger of a reformation in our language is not a very imminent one, the reader will think that more than enough has been said on this subject.

It now remains for me to take up the defence of those Latin words which were introduced at a later period. It would be a bold thing to deny that when we have an old Teutonic word quite synonymous with one of Latin origin and recent date, it will be better in most cases to use the former. We may pick out words when it costs us no trouble, we may *begin* rather than *commence*, as a concession to the popular prejudice, if for no other reason, much as consideration for others requires that we respect that most arbitrary convention which allows no difference of opinion as to the penultimate of *docère*. It will also happen that the word thus adopted will often be more effective than that which we reject, but at the same time the numbers of cases in which such an advantageous substitution can be made will in practice be found to be comparatively small. In the first place, there are very few words of different origin that are really equivalents. Archbishop Trench, in his little book on the *Study of Words*, has a chapter on the distinction of synonyms, and criticizing the statement that there is no complete identity of meaning between any two words in a language, delivers it as his opinion that in English the exceptions are at least "exceedingly rare." He gives the following among many other instances of difference—*love* and *charity*, *palliate* and *cloak*, *frighten* and *intimidate*, *fame*, *popularity*, *celebrity*, &c., drawing out the subtle distinctions to be found in them. Moreover, the use of the Romance word is continually justified by collateral circumstances. Either we avoid a jingle or an alliteration, or else we are able to bring out better a pronominal antithesis; while even the length of the word, the standing objection against Latin derivatives, is frequently the

very reason of our selecting it. A period often requires something to give it force and body.

However, the use of all Romance words may be defended on still better and more general grounds than these. The fact is our speech has ceased to be, or we may say *English* never was, a purely Teutonic language. Although its characteristic features are Teutonic, still there are proportionally more Norman words in our language than there is Norman blood in our veins. We cannot therefore look upon Romance words as aliens. They were so five centuries ago, but fortunately or unfortunately for standard English, they have long since acquired civic rights, and can no more be disenfranchised than that preternaturally large body of Englishmen whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. And more than this, in spite of all our Teutonic enthusiasts may say to the contrary, it is stoutly maintained that our language has gained rather than lost by the mixture of Romance. "Our language," says Mr. G. P. Marsh, "has become more copious, more flexible, more refined, and capable of greater philosophical precision and a wider variety of expression."⁴ Archbishop Trench, and many other high authorities who have not been affected by the Teutonic mania, write to the same effect. It is a great convenience to have a broad distinction between scientific and familiar words. When the Germans, for instance, speak of *length* and *breadth* (*länge* and *breite*), instead of longitude and latitude, there is always danger both of confusion and inaccurate interpretation. We have again the accurate scientific term *magnitude* as well as the ordinary word *greatness*; "while the Germans pervert language by speaking of the *greatness* of microscopic animalculæ so small that a hundred of them would lie on the point of a pin."⁵ However, we need not lay stress upon the contested superiority of our Latinized scientific vocabulary, although the view deserves attention, as it is supported by the authority of Mr. Marsh. The usefulness of Romance words in ordinary literature is less open to question. It is by their aid that we are able to make the broadest as well as the most delicate distinctions between ludicrous and sublime, pedantic and simple, flippant and earnest. Nothing I believe has helped more towards the delineation of every light and shadow in human life in our dramatic literature, or the more elaborate developments of character in fiction, than the

⁴ *Lectures on the English Language*, ch. viii. § 1.

⁵ *Ibid.* ch. ix. § 7.

enormous vocabulary and the composite nature of our language.⁶ Shakspeare with seven thousand words would never have produced what he has done with fifteen thousand. Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot, four names which may be taken as covering the extreme limits of the enormous area of modern novel-writing, could not have reached maturity in any other country but our own. For such composition to double the vocabulary is almost to double its scope, to double the characters which it may represent, to double the power of those verbal touches which are most effective in depicting them. There seems no reason sufficiently general to account for the wonderful pre-eminence of England in these two branches of literature, unless we believe that our language has given us opportunities which no foreign tongue ever enjoyed.

The advantages which we may thus enumerate are scarcely more likely to convince us of what we have gained from the Norman supremacy, than the disadvantages which are sometimes set against them. Once more to quote from Mr. Marsh: "Our losses," he says, "are greatest in the poetic dialect, nor have they in this department, except for didactic and epic verse, been at all balanced by our acquisitions from the Latin and the French."⁷ Surely if we have sustained no more serious misfortune than this, we have reason to congratulate ourselves. The domain of poetry is not a little reduced when we put out of consideration the two great divisions of epic and didactic, and when in what remains we can point to Shakspeare and Chaucer, to Byron and Tennyson, our possible losses cannot appear very considerable. It has been truly said by Frederick Schlegel, that the *Paradise Lost* must always be regarded as a typical example of the effect of the mixture of Romance in our language. Nine men out of ten, I suppose, would assign to Milton the second place of honour in English literature, and even his most severe critics will admit that in language and rhythm he is almost perfect. Nevertheless it can scarcely be doubted that the organ-like swell and stately flow of the *Paradise Lost* is mostly derived from the abundance of those longer and more imposing words which are of French and Latin origin. Again, that

⁶ It is at least a remarkable coincidence that Greek, English, and Spanish, the three most copious languages of the Aryan family, stand supreme in the history of the drama. It is a drama, moreover, in which there is nothing of imitation but the spontaneous offspring of the national genius. Germany ranks next both in extent of vocabulary and dramatic power.

⁷ *Lectures*, ch. viii. § 2.

wonderful power of vague description which is Milton's peculiar glory, and forms the great point of contrast between him and Dante, will be found to be intimately connected with the use of Romance terms. Ordinary Saxon equivalents substituted in their place make us at once pass from the sublime to the ridiculous. The building of Pandemonium for instance is sketched in the lines—

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation,

How easily might this splendid picture be desecrated!⁸

Johnson and Gibbon will never be in much vogue in our generation, but we must not consider that our literature from any point of view was polluted rather than enriched by their writings. They are conspicuous examples of the prodigious variety of style which the English language has called into being, and we can neither regret that they wrote as they did, nor wish to replace their Latin with orthodox Saxon equivalents.

And now that we have seen something of the arguments which may be advanced in defence of our much assailed Romance words, we shall probably be much inclined to doubt if the dispute has any of the practical importance which is claimed for it. To take the negative side of the question; it is evident that the highest literary eminence may be attained by men who never heard of the distinction between Teutonic and Romance, or who certainly never allowed it to give them the slightest concern in the choice of a phrase. On the other hand, when we hear of the positive benefits of being put on our guard against a false taste in composition, we are tempted to ask: Who is to show me that the style at which I am told to aim, is less false and artificial than that which I am bidden to avoid? However, if this be considered too bold a view, we may still deny that the danger of an anti-Teutonic extreme is at the present day at all a real one. What modern writer would be likely to choose Dr. Johnson as his model, or to fall unconsciously into an imitation of Burton or Sir Thomas Browne? Penny-a-linerism is nearer home, and still more objectionable, but after all penny-a-linerism does not come

⁸ It is one of the misfortunes of modern English, we are told, that we can no longer use plain, straightforward Saxon. Orrmin could write "to strawenn gode gresses [herbs] thær, that stunkenn swithe [very] swete," and the most courtly of monarchs, Charles the Second, Mr. Oliphant tells us, says in a letter to his sister, "Poor O Nial died yesterday of an ulcer in his guts."

spontaneously but only through the exercise of a perverted ingenuity. There is a certain elaborateness about it as compared with straightforward English. It is not the plain sober garb of every-day life, but it may be described as a circus costume, gaudy and spangled, a tissue of faded metaphors patched with worn-out quotations. However destitute in point of literary abilities a man may be, it is his own choice and an extravagant choice, if instead of threadbare black, he takes the trouble to deck himself out in all the finery of a rag-shop. So too the ponderous antithesis of Johnson was only attained by doing violence to nature. It was no more a constitutional peculiarity with him "to make his little fishes talk like whales," than it was with his witty critic; and we have proof of it in his letters, and the pithy vigorous sayings recorded by Boswell. To quote an instance, which Macaulay has noticed—Dr. Johnson in a familiar letter to Mrs. Thrale writes from the Hebrides: "When we were taken upstairs, a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." When these letters were afterwards worked up into a printed narrative of his journey, the sentence quoted appeared as follows: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up at our entrance a man as black as Cyclops from the forge." Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. "The *Rehearsal*," he said one day, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet," then after a pause, "it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." Thus, then, nature is the best and safest guide in the choice of words. That which is most natural, will be also the most effective. We are not too familiar with Johnson, and we need not expose ourselves to the pernicious influence of the *Daily Telegraph*. Why then should we trouble ourselves whether we use a few words in a hundred more or less of Anglo-Saxon or Romance?

It has been said above that it is only by means of concrete examples that we can hope to arrive at the truth in this matter. It may be well, therefore, to set down side by side a few sentences illustrating the difference between Romance and Teutonic words, in order that the reader may be able to judge for himself of their general effect. We may once more have recourse to Mr. Oliphant as the most sturdy champion of Teutonism. He gives us three such sentences in his last chapter, "to bring," as he tells us, "three different forms of what is called English, into the most glaring contrast." Each contains more than twenty nouns and verbs.

I. Stung by the foe's twitting, our forefathers (bold wights!) drew nigh their trusty friends and were heartily welcomed; taught by a former mishap, they began the fight on that spot and showed themselves unaffrighted by threatening forebodings of woe.

II. Provoked by the enemy's abuse, our ancestors (brave creatures!) approached their faithful allies, and were nobly received; instructed by a previous misfortune, they commenced the battle in that place and proved themselves undismayed by menacing predictions of misery.

III. Exacerbated by the antagonist's vituperation, our progenitors (audacious individuals!) approximated to their reliable auxiliaries, and were ovated with empressement; indoctrinated by a preliminary contretemps they inaugurated hostilities in that locality and demonstrated themselves as unintimidated by minatory vaticinations of catastrophe.

"The first of these sentences," says Mr. Oliphant, "is like a Highland burn, the second is like the Thames at Hampton Court, the third like London sewage. Or to borrow another illustration, the first sentence is like Scott's *Jeanie Deans*, the second like the average young lady of our day, the third is like Fielding's loathsome *Bellaston* woman."⁹

What does the reader think? Will it not occur to him that the first sentence has a touch of that same affectation which makes us so disgusted with the third? We can scarcely imagine that a book written in accordance with such strict purism would prove very inviting. The second sentence, too, is scarcely more than a caricature of English ("brave creatures," for instance, is surely an old woman's phrase), but I think that as it stands we should be almost justified in preferring it to the first. At least the comparison suggests that true purity and simplicity of language is not to be found in either of them separately, but in a combination of the two. Even if it be true, as our reformers insist, that our Anglo-Saxon words are "virgin gold," still the pure metal has qualities which render it practically useless without a large admixture of alloy. As our language is now constituted all extremes are forced and artificial, but Teutonic and Romance combined in just proportions "make a happy marriage."

H. T.

⁹ *Standard English*, p. 345.

1. Stung by the loss of Britain, our forefathers (both rights) drew up their many hands and were heartily welcomed; taught by a former master they began the fight on that spot and showed themselves unflinching by the same forefathers of

II. Provoked by our ancestors (leave) (renewed) approached their faithful allies and were nobly received; instructed by a former master, they commenced the battle in that place, undisturbed by

Catholic Review.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *London in the Jacobite Times.* By Dr. Doran, F.S.A. In two volumes. Richard Bentley and Son, London.

THIS, which has proved to be the last work of the late Dr. Doran, has already been pronounced by no means the least interesting of his volumes. The recent Editor of *Notes and Queries* was a curious collector of all sorts of odds and ends illustrating the scenes and habits of former days, and he very successfully, though not very methodically, threw them together into short anecdotal histories. In his last book he has undertaken to describe the state of London society, both in high life and low life, during the times in which the Jacobite struggle to restore the succession to the Catholic line occupied the chief attention of the Court as well as of the populace; and, taking this as his object, his narrative answers faithfully to the title which he has given it. The favour with which Dr. Doran's book has been received proves that a general interest in the stirring incidents, the constantly revived hopes and intrigues of the Jacobites, is as obstinate about quite dying out as was the prolonged attempt itself; and the cause of this we cannot trace to the personal merits either of the first two Georges, or of the Chevalier and his son, Charles Edward. Indeed, there were many critical moments in which a panic at Court or a Stuart success would easily have decided the nation to turn against the reigning family, for whom it had but a wavering affection; just as, in the north, both the first and second "Pretehder" failed to retain a very strong hold on the esteem and affections of their partisans. The still lingering interest we speak of is due rather to the cause itself than to the persons engaged in it, for it involved the vital questions of religion, of politics, and of a national rivalry perhaps not yet wholly dead, to which may be added a strong determination in individual minds to uphold the principle of rightful succession. It was the variety of these motives for interest which spread sympathy with the Jacobite movement through so many different classes, gained adherents for it in the south as well as in the north, and encouraged them to persevere after chances of success had long vanished.

The central points of interest, both in 1715 and 1745, were the trials and courageous deaths of so many of the Scottish and Border nobility, accompanied by the self-devotion displayed in the painful interviews

between the King and Ladies Nithsdale and Derwentwater, and still more in the skill and courage with which Lady Nithsdale effected her husband's escape. But besides these, the cause had several partisans of lesser note, who tried to serve it, not openly on the battle-field, but by secret plots of which London itself was the chief scene. Amongst men of peace were Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester—by far its ablest and truest supporter—Dr. Sacheverel, who afterwards seceded from it, and the eminent barrister, Counsellor Lyster, frequently reprieved that he might settle the affairs of his clients, with a "rope round his neck." Of Irish Peers was the Duke of Ormond, who for thirty years fostered the rebellion abroad; and of English, the slippery and treacherous Bolingbroke. Amongst men of the sword were General Forster, Brigadier Mackintosh, and Colonel Oxburgh; the last named of these was condemned to death and behaved with a bravery, composure, and religious spirit which gained for him the respect of all. He fasted the day before his execution, as did his fellow-prisoners for him, and up to the moment of his death he allowed nothing to divert him from his private devotions. The paper which he handed to the Sheriff, stated that he died "a member of the Holy Roman Catholic Church," in charity with all men, and it contained besides many other noble sentiments.

Two painful incidents are narrated in connection with the sentence executed on Deacon, the son of a Manchester physician, who, accompanied by his two brothers, had joined Charles Edward's army. Behind the sledge which carried him to his death "followed a coach, in which, under the guard of a warder, the youngest Deacon, a mere boy, lay rather than sat. The parting of these two brothers was most heart-rending, and the younger one implored that he might suffer too. He suffered more, for he was condemned to witness the suffering of his brother." Some time after, Deacon's head was sent down to be spiked at Manchester, and his father, a nonjuring minister in the town, always carefully avoided approaching the spot. One day on involuntarily coming within view he reverently raised his hat in passing it, for which testimony of respect and affection he was charged with sedition and was fined. The last to suffer in the cause of Charles Edward was Dr. Archibald Cameron, brother of Cameron of Lochiel. He, as well as his brother, was under attainder, but he was in no danger of death so long as he remained in France; on returning, however, to his native land in 1753, to execute some political mission, he was seized at once and committed to the Tower of London, and with brutal inhumanity sentenced to immediate death. His wife was admitted by several of the royal family to plead for his life before them, and was treated with a civility which only added fresh poignancy to the refusal of all mercy, though it could have been extended with the utmost safety. The doctor suffered with a calm and unostentatious heroism.

The Jacobite cause drew its adherents from men of every variety of personal character, of age, and of class in life. In 1715, public

sympathy was strongly aroused in commiseration of the fate of James Sheppard, a remarkably intelligent but somewhat dreamy youth of seventeen. He had undertaken to bring King James secretly into this country and to smite the usurper in his palace. Leake, a nonjuring minister, to whom the young enthusiast had communicated his plan, was horror-stricken and gave information to a magistrate. As Sheppard readily acknowledged his intention a sentence of death was the inevitable result. We are told that Sheppard maintained his calm self-possession equally in the midst of admiration and of insult. Another youthful nonjuror, a printer of the name of Matthews, incurred the like fate and met it with the same dauntless courage. Besides Bolingbroke, the Jacobite cause had several false and treacherous partisans, and amongst them was the Rev. Robert Patten, who turned King's evidence and informer, describing the scenes wherein different persons had openly espoused the side of the Stuarts. After lending himself to the meanest services he returned to his old parish in Allendale, Northumberland, "being," say the London Whig papers, "always well respected there." When his calumnious *History of the late Rebellion* appeared, many regretted that the Rev. Robert Patten, traitor to both causes, had not also had a trial and an issue in accordance with his deserts.

Another character whom Sir Walter Scott has introduced to our acquaintance, figured in a London prison as well as among the wilds of Argyleshire. This was Robert Campbell Macgregor, a less estimable gentleman, we are afraid, than the "Rob Roy" of story and romance. "He was in arms against King George at Sheriff Muir, but he betrayed the Jacobite cause by refusing, at a critical moment, to charge, and win a victory for King James." He wrote a very insincere apology to General Wade for taking part with the adherents of the Pretender, and being forced into this unnatural rebellion against his Majesty King George, "but he hoped the Duke of Argyle would do him the justice to acknowledge his having sent him all the intelligence he could of the strength and situation of the rebels." In 1727 he received a pardon along with many Jacobites of good family, after having been marched handcuffed to Lord Ogilvie, from Newgate to Blackfriars, and thence to Gravesend, for intended transportation to Barbadoes. Macgregor is said to have appeared publicly in London, both in street and park, seven years after the release from Newgate. Rob Roy died at Inverlochlarig-beg, on December 28, 1734, at the age of sixty-three, and was buried in Balquhiddier churchyard.

In still more distinct correspondence with the title of his book, Dr. Doran portrays the state of public feeling in London during Jacobite times through all the different ranks and grades of life. "The King's proclamation against the Pretender, in which £100,000 was offered for the capturing him alive, caused angry discussion in the Commons. Campion and Shippen denounced the outlay, and Sir William Wyndham, casting blame on the King's words, was called upon to assign a reason for his censure. Wyndham would not

condescend to explain. By a vote of 208 to 29 he was subjected to be reprimanded by the Speaker. The minority withdrew from the House." The day of the coronation of George I. did not pass off decorously in the streets. "Some unwelcome cries reached the King's ears as he walked along the platform between the Abbey and the Hall. At night Tory mobs lit up bonfires, danced round them to rebel airs, and while some of the celebrants shouted for Sacheverel, others uttered blasphemy and ill-wishes against King George. In country places similar incidents occurred; York, Norwich, and Bedford, Reading, Taunton, Bristol, and Worcester yielded the greatest number of seditious rioters. At church, political rather than religious spirit rendered congregations attentive. If the clergyman omitted to note the supremacy, and the congregation were Whiggish, there was a loyal murmur of disapproval. If he happened to speak of his Majesty, not as "King by the grace of God," but as "King by Divine permission," the more sensitive loyalists would make a stir, withdraw from the church, and certain of the papers would be full of a holy horror at such proceedings on the part of the minister. There was zeal enough and to spare among the clergy of all parties. The first election of Members of Parliament excited the liveliest and most serious interest throughout the kingdom, but especially in London. Pamphlets were distributed on every side, and the Press was in unusual activity, while rival papers watched each other as jealously as adversaries in churches and the streets. The King's speech on opening Parliament in March, 1715, sounded like a trumpet-call to battle, and the Jacobites who felt unsafe in London began to take measures for securing a refuge. Court and Parliament being agitated, the lackeys imitated their betters. In place of the usual election of a "Speaker" among themselves a battle royal ensued, and the combatants were hard at it when the House broke up, and the members wanted their coaches. Next night the Tory footmen gained a costly victory, after which animosity was drowned in the ale flagon. As was not unlikely, politics soon found their way into the theatre. Drury Lane was popular with the Whigs, while the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields lay under the suspicion of being Jacobite, an imputation which was carefully repudiated. Later on, however, the Jacobite feeling among some of the actors of the same theatre was maintained in coffee-houses and everywhere by John Ogden, an outspoken Tory, who had a very narrow escape of going to Tyburn. As it was, he might have been seen studying his part in two new plays while walking to and fro in the noisy Newgate press-yard. Though the stage had been early to pay its first homage to the reigning sovereign, it was chiefly when the struggle was over that it began to ridicule the losing side.

London might have been called the head-quarters of the Jacobites before actual war broke out, and much of the safety of the town was intrusted to the Westminster Cavalry Militia. Friday, the 4th of November, the anniversary of King William's birthday, was kept by a

street fight round a bonfire, over which the "Jacks" were about to burn an effigy of that monarch; on the following day a counter-celebration was observed in execration of the Gunpowder Plot, and rioting again held possession of the streets. Within a few days news from Preston infuriated rather than depressed the London Jacobites, and fresh street fights again prevailed. Then followed the arrival of the prisoners from the north, who in their sorry plight, instead of the rescue which they had looked forward to from the Tory mob, found the streets filled only with Whig crowds, that shouted triumphantly at them, and loaded them with insults. In 1722, when a fresh invasion was expected, the Jacobites selected several trysting places. Early in the day they gathered together at the Exchange, at noon groups of them collected about Temple Bar. The "malignants" in finer clothes walked and talked in front of the Cocoa Tree, St. James's Street, between two and three. The Temple Garden was the chosen spot for all of them at night. On Friday, December 6, 1745, London was undeniably seized with terror and consternation by the news of the arrival of Charles Edward on the Wednesday at Derby; it was long remembered as "Black Friday." Many of the inhabitants fled into the country with their most precious effects, and all the shops were shut. Soon the metropolis recovered its tranquillity, and received at length with ecstasy the news of the victory of Culloden. Lord Bury, who brought, on April 25, 1746, the news direct to the King, could hardly walk along the then terraced St. James's Street for the congratulations of the crowd. During all this period, indeed, from the beginning of the last century till well on towards its close, society in London was in the worst possible moral condition. Even as early as the year 1715 the example of the Court was far from edifying, and for many years it continued lax and reckless in its dissipations. Dr. Doran gives several instances of the state of morals throughout the city generally; nothing could have been more savage and depraved, and there was complete anarchy in the streets and highways. A chance specimen of the amusements of the people occurred on the day which brought the news of Culloden. "They had ample time for breakfast before they gathered at the end of New Bond Street in Tyburn Road, as Oxford Street was then called, to see the young footman, Henderson, hanged for the murder of his mistress, Lady Dalrymple. The culprit did not die 'game,' and the brutes were disappointed, but they found consolation in the fall of a scaffolding with all its occupants. Then they had time to pour into the park and see four or five sergeants shot for trying to desert from King George's service to King James's. Moreover, there was a man to be whipped somewhere in the City, and a pretty group of sight seers assembled at Charing Cross in expectation of 'a fellow in the pillory.' What with these delights, and the pursuing Lord Bury with vociferations of sanguinary congratulations, the day was a thoroughly popular holiday." We certainly need scarcely mourn over the present when we find what London was in the Jacobite times.

2. *New Ireland.* By A. M. Sullivan. In two volumes. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1877.

The scenes which Mr. Sullivan paints in vivid colours in these interesting volumes are so near to us in time and place, and so much mixed up with the political movements of our own day and the personal recollections of men still in vigorous life, that the story told by one, who himself has had a considerable part in the events which he describes so well, will scarcely find impartial readers. There is indeed in the book before us no affectation of sublime indifference, or endeavour to escape from the responsibility of opinions long held and fearlessly proclaimed. In one who has been the Editor of the *Nation*, and who is an active Member of Parliament, the effort would have been vain. Mr. Sullivan's thoughts about Ireland as it is to be will seem to some perhaps unreal, to some erroneous, but they are the thoughts and the hopes of one who has meditated much upon a subject near to his heart, and who has never taken much trouble to keep his conclusions in the dark: one, in fact, who has as good a right to his opinion as his critics have to theirs. "I do not pretend," he says in his preface, "to be dispassionate. I have borne—as will be seen in what follows—an active part in some of the stormiest scenes of Irish public life for at least a quarter of a century; and I wish to hold my place as a man of decided views and strong convictions."

Mr. Sullivan's language often rises to true eloquence, and his narrative, never dull, becomes painfully interesting when he takes us behind the scenes, and shows us the hidden history of patriots and agitators whose deeds, judged by what met the public eye, seemed to follow no known law of human conduct. It is hard to fight an unseen foe, and if the English Government in dealing with the secret societies of Ireland has sometimes been misled into making concessions at the wrong moment or atoning for careless custody of arch-contrivers by hanging inferior offenders, there is in this no need for wonder. A man with dust thrown in his eyes on purpose strikes out a little wildly. Conspirators, born to the trade like James Stevens, have an ugly habit of dying in their beds a few years after their devoted subalterns have fallen in the fray. While the battle is raging by his orders, the commander-in-chief disappears from the field. The Head Centre was undeniably brave in one part of his career, but valour which is inspired by petty ambition is precarious and can collapse at short notice.

Even from the folly and sin of fomenting hopeless rebellion some good has come. England might have slumbered on in her indolent refusal to acknowledge the existence of gigantic grievances if a few desperate acts had not convinced her that some at least among the aggrieved, whether in their senses or not, were in earnest when they spoke of fighting. Mr. Sullivan is right when he says that Englishmen and Irishmen understand one another better now than forty years ago.

Revisiting recently the scenes of my early life, I realized more vividly than ever the changes which thirty years had effected. I sailed once

more over the blue waters of the bay on which I was, so to say, cradled; climbed the hills and trod the rugged defiles of Glengariffe and Beara, by paths and passes learnt in childhood and remembered still. The material scene in all its wild beauty and savage grandeur was unchanged; but it was plain that a new order of things had arisen. New faces were around me—new manners, habits, and social usages. The Gaelic salutations were few: it was in the English tongue that "A fine day, sir," took the place of "God save you" in the Irish. "My foot" was indeed "on my native heath," yet I felt in a sense a stranger. Not there, but in Boston and Milwaukee and San Francisco could be found the survivors of the hardy fishermen and simple mountaineers amongst whom I grew to boyhood. Yet, natural regrets apart, I owned that all the change was not disaster. Much indeed had been lost, but much had been gained.

One custom ought to have been retained if only for the beauty of its simple faith.

Few sights could be more picturesque than the ceremony by which, in our bay, the fishing season was opened. Selecting an auspicious day, unusually calm and fine, the boats, from every creek and inlet for miles around, rendezvoused at a given point, and then, in solemn procession, rowed out to sea, the leading boat carrying the priest. Arrived at the distant fishing-ground, the clergyman vested himself, an altar was improvised on the stern-sheets, the attendant fleet drew round, and every head was bared and bowed while the Mass was said. I have seen this "Mass on the ocean" when not a breeze stirred, and the tinkle of the little bell or the murmur of the priest's voice was the only sound that reached the ear; the blue hills of Bantry faint on the horizon behind us, and nothing nearer beyond than the American shore!

Where are all these now? The "Mass on the ocean" is a thing of the past, heard of and seen no more; one of the old customs gone apparently for ever. The fishermen, the fine big-framed fellows, of tarry hands and storm-stained faces? The workhouse or the grave holds all who are not dockside men on the Thames or the Mersey, on the Hudson or the Mississippi. The boats? I saw nearly all that remains of them when I last visited the little cove that in my early days scarce sufficed to hold the fleet—at low water skeleton ribs protruding here and there from the sand, or shattered hulks helplessly mouldering under the trees that drooped into the tide when at the full.

The story of the unfortunate John Sadleir, which runs in consecutive narrative through two chapters of the book, is one that might move even cold hearts to pity. His ill-directed talents, his reckless ambition, his frantic efforts to sustain his credit, the death agony and the death, would seem to belong to a sensational novel if we did not know too well that all was real.

Some of his colossal speculations had turned out adversely, and he had misappropriated the last shilling of the Tipperary Bank. Another venture, he thinks, may recoup all—it only leads to deeper ruin! He must go on: he cannot turn back now. But where are funds to be reached for further wild endeavours? All calmly as ever he trod the lobby of the House of Commons. No eye could detect on that impassive countenance of his that there was aught but the satisfaction of success within. His political associates joked with him over Gavan Duffy's "political funeral." They effusively felicitated him on the signal overthrow and final dispersion of his adversaries. "Ireland is now all your own, John," said one of them; "you have conquered all along the line. You must be as happy as a king!" He smiled his cold sad smile, and said, "Yes, to be sure he was." At home in Ireland his own journal, and all the Liberal Government organs, were never tired of sounding his praise and proclaiming his triumph over the dead Lucas and the exiled Duffy.

Nightly, after leaving the House of Commons, John Sadleir sat up late in the private study of his town house, 11, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park. Morning often dawned and found him at his lonely labours. What were they?

In the stillness and secrecy of those midnight hours John Sadleir, the man of success, the millionaire, the Lord of the Treasury that had been, the peer of the realm that was to be, was occupied in forging deeds, conveyances, and bills for hundreds of thousands of pounds!

Mr. Wilkinson that same Saturday night despatched his partner, Mr. Stevens, to Dublin to look after the matter. On Monday this gentleman found that the deed was a forgery. But by that time a still more dreadful tale was known to all the world.

John Sadleir sat him down, all alone, in that study, and callous must be the heart that can contemplate him in that hour and not compassionate his agony. All was over; he must die. . . . He seized a pen, and devoted half an hour to letter-writing. Oh, that woful correspondence of the despairing soul with those whom it loves and is to lose for ever! Then he took a small silver tankard from the sideboard and put it in his breast-pocket, beside a small phial which he had purchased early in that fatal day. As he passed through the hall and took his hat from the stand, he told the butler not to wait for him. He went out and closed the door with a firm hand. The clocks were striking twelve; 'twas Sunday morning; God's holy day had come.

Next morning on a little mound on Hampstead Heath the passers by noticed a gentleman stretched as if in sleep. A silver tankard had fallen from his hand and lay upon the ground. It smelt strongly of prussic acid. A crowd soon gathered; the police arrived; they lifted up the body all stiff and stark. It was the corpse of John Sadleir, the banker.

The escape of James Stevens from Richmond Bridewell is another "thrilling" story. "Alarm passed all bounds when the news of the wonderful event was passed about, for it was clear that there was a hidden network of conspiracy and that gaolers could not be trusted. Stevens, before his capture, while active search was being made for him all over Ireland, had been living unobtrusively indeed, but without any other disguise than his changed name, at Fairfield House, Sandymount, within two miles of Dublin Castle. 'Mr. Herbert' seemed chiefly attentive to his geraniums and japonicas. When he was at last discovered, great precautions were at first taken to ensure safe lodging for so important a prisoner; but after a very short time this most necessary vigilance was relaxed and to save a few pounds of additional expenditure even ordinary precautions were neglected.

"Stevens has escaped! Stevens has escaped!" This was the cry which rang from end to end of Dublin on the morning of Saturday the 25th of November, 1865.

"Stevens escaped?"

"Yes!"

"From Richmond Bridewell? When? How? Impossible! Such were the exclamations or interrogations to be heard on every side. Stevens escaped! Consternation—utter, hopeless consternation—reigned throughout the city—that is to say amongst the business classes. The populace were very differently affected. This daring achievement was all that was necessary to immortalize the Fenian leader. The police and detectives went about the streets crest-fallen and humiliated, while

members of the Fenian fraternity could be pretty well identified by the flashing eye, the exultant countenance, the wild strong grip with which they greeted one another."

A series of rapid sketches in chronological order and tolerably continuous carries us from O'Connell and Repeal to Stevens and the Manchester rescue and the Clerkenwell insanity. Considerable light is thrown upon Ribbonism: and a possible reason is suggested for the great difference of opinion about the ultimate object of the agrarian outrages which are the greatest disgrace of the peasantry of Ireland in this century or any other. The working of the Encumbered Estates Act furnishes some tragic instances of unmerited reverses, and points to the moral that much suffering may be caused by laws of which the chief blame is that they are made at the wrong moment.

3. *Avesta, livre sacré des sectateurs de Zoroastre*. Traduit du texte par C. de Harlez, chanoine honoraire de la cathédrale de Liège, Professeur à l'Université de Louvain. Liège, Grandmont, Paris, Didot.

The author of this new translation of the *Avesta* is the last admitted member of the little circle of oriental scholars, who do so much honour to the University of Louvain. In oriental research, Catholic teaching in Belgium is notably in advance of the efforts of state education and "free thought." The universities of Ghent, Liège, and Brussels have not produced one orientalist of fame, while the Catholic university of Louvain can name with pride its hebraist and widely trusted exegetist, Mgr. Beelen, its profound Indian scholar, M. Nève, the learned editors of the *Chronicum Ecclesiasticum of Bar-Hebraeus* MM. Lamy and Abelooz, and lastly M. de Harlez, who after many years of silent study of the Iranic tongues, has astonished the world by his erudition.

Instead of giving our own estimate of the translation of the *Avesta* which M. de Harlez has nearly completed, we quote the words of competent authorities whose testimony will be received without suspicion, because they are the rivals or the opponents of the learned Louvain professor. M. Spiegel, the author of a well-known German translation of the *Avesta*, declares that the new translation of M. de Harlez "gives evidence of deep research and the careful employment of all means conducing to the elucidation of the text:" adding, "I acknowledge (*nous-même*) with gratitude that I have gained much information; and if upon certain points I still maintain my former view, that need not astonish any one who knows the present condition of exegesis as regards the *Avesta* . . . M. Harlez's translation will assist real progress in the interpretation of an important work of antiquity, both by substituting truer opinions for those till now received, and by provoking fresh examination of acknowledged difficulties."¹

M. Julius Tolly gives an equally flattering testimony to the merit of the new translator, and though for general purposes his authority

¹ *Journal de la Société orientale allemande*, 1876.

carries less weight than that of M. Spiegel, it may be that in the present instance his words have even greater value.

It is very generally known that students of the Zoroastrian books belong to two rival schools, to say nothing more severe: "The disciples of the first school, following Burnouf and Spiegel, give to Parsee tradition its own part among the sources of information, while those of the other school see no hope for the interpreter of the *Avesta*, save in Sanskrit only."²

M. de Harlez, from whom we have borrowed these words is more in accord with the former school, M. Julius Tolly belongs to the latter. This is the reason which especially inclines us to quote his terms of praise.

"The version put forth by M. de Harlez," says M. Julius Tolly, "although it rests upon the labours of his predecessors, and especially of Spiegel, has its own separate value and perfectly distinct character. Spiegel in his *Avesta* proposed to accomplish two things: to give a literal translation, and to keep as close as possible to the Parsee tradition, as presented in the ancient Pehlevi paraphrase of the Zend original. M. de Harlez before all things desires clearness and simplicity. He has spared himself no pains to make the reading of the *Avesta* as easy and pleasant as is possible in the case of a book which is full of repetitions, dry formulas of sacrificial rites, incoherent interpolations. . . . This translation will be welcome to the general reader desirous to form acquaintance with a literary monument of the first rank, and those who are more specially concerned will consult it with great advantage."³

Competent and impartial judges have thus pronounced upon the scientific value of M. de Harlez's work. Whosoever desires to learn its importance in a religious point of view may read two articles published in the course of last year (1877) by M. de Harlez in the *Catholic Review* of Louvain with the title: "Les origines du Christianisme et l'*Avesta*."⁴ In these papers M. Harlez demolishes the anti-Christian systems, which some men who make pretence of learning, as for example, M. Emile Burnouf (who must not be mistaken for Eugène Burnouf), have constructed by the help of passages of the *Avesta*, which they interpreted amiss. M. de Harlez batters down by a very simple process these defences set up by ignorance or dishonesty: he substitutes right interpretations for wrong ones. M. Harlez's book cannot fail to render valuable aid to the Christian apologist. Still, we must not disguise the truth. It is not enough that an eminent philologist should thus have given us a translation of the books of Zoroaster as trustworthy as the existing state of science permits; for our cause demands, moreover, that other learned Catholics, ecclesiastics more especially, should follow in his footsteps. It is our prayer, that the disciples who under M. de Harlez's tuition are devoting themselves to the study of the languages of India and Iran may fulfil these not unreasonable hopes.

² De Harlez, "Note sur le sens des mots *Avesta-Zend*," (extrait du *Journal Asiatique de Paris*, pp. 65, 66).

³ Academy, Mai 26, 1877.

⁴ *Revue Catholique*, August and October, 1877.

4. *Our Lady's Comfort to the Sorrowful.* Nottingham: Clayton. London: Washbourne.

Under the pleasantly elastic form of a child's dream this little Catholic tract gives expression to many lessons of high spirituality. The language is almost too simple, even when we know that a child is supposed to be speaking or spoken to all the time; but this is a fault on the right side. The joy of suffering to those who know, as the Children of Mary ought to know, the value of suffering, is the leading idea. The fruit proposed is a joyful and grateful earnestness in every duty in order to help souls not only out of Purgatory, but into Purgatory, and the two collections of prayers for the dying and the dead are enriched with an indulgence.

5. *A Saint in Algeria.* By Lady Herbert. London: Burns and Oates.

Some of our readers may be glad to know that the beautiful little biography of Margaret Bergésio, written by Lady Herbert, has been reprinted from the pages of the MONTH and published in a separate form. Its subject was a native of Piedmont, of humble birth, who obeyed the invitation of Mgr. Pavy, Bishop of Algiers, and assumed the care of the infirmary in the Episcopal Seminary, and whose charity and zeal led her to add many works of piety to this charge.

6. *Middleford Hall.* By the Author of *Ellerton Priory*, *Claire Maitland*, &c., Richardson and Sons, London and Derby.

This is a very pleasing tale for young children, written with the excellent purpose of familiarizing them with the practice of little self-denials, and of acts of love for and attention to the poor, through a desire to please and serve God.

7. *Golden Grains.* Translated from the French. M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin.

We have here a collection of simple thoughts suggestive of pious reflections, and written in a very devotional spirit.

8. *The Quiet of the Soul.* By Father John de Bovilla. Richardson and Sons, London and Derby.

These spiritual maxims are most sound and excellent, forming a manual which timid and scrupulous souls should frequently consult. The remarks on scruples by Dom. Schram, O.S.B., which are appended, will also be found useful to many.

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